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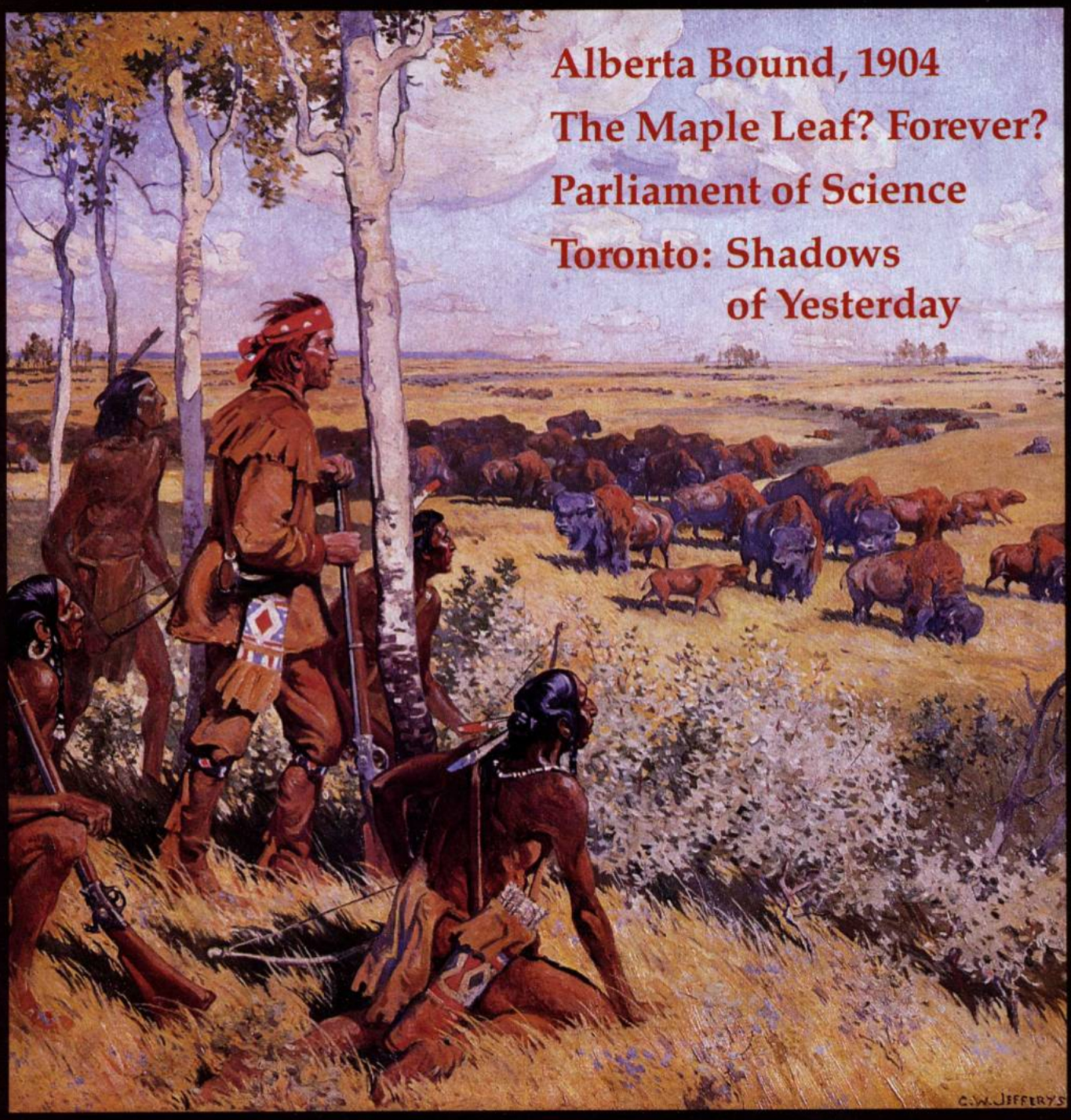

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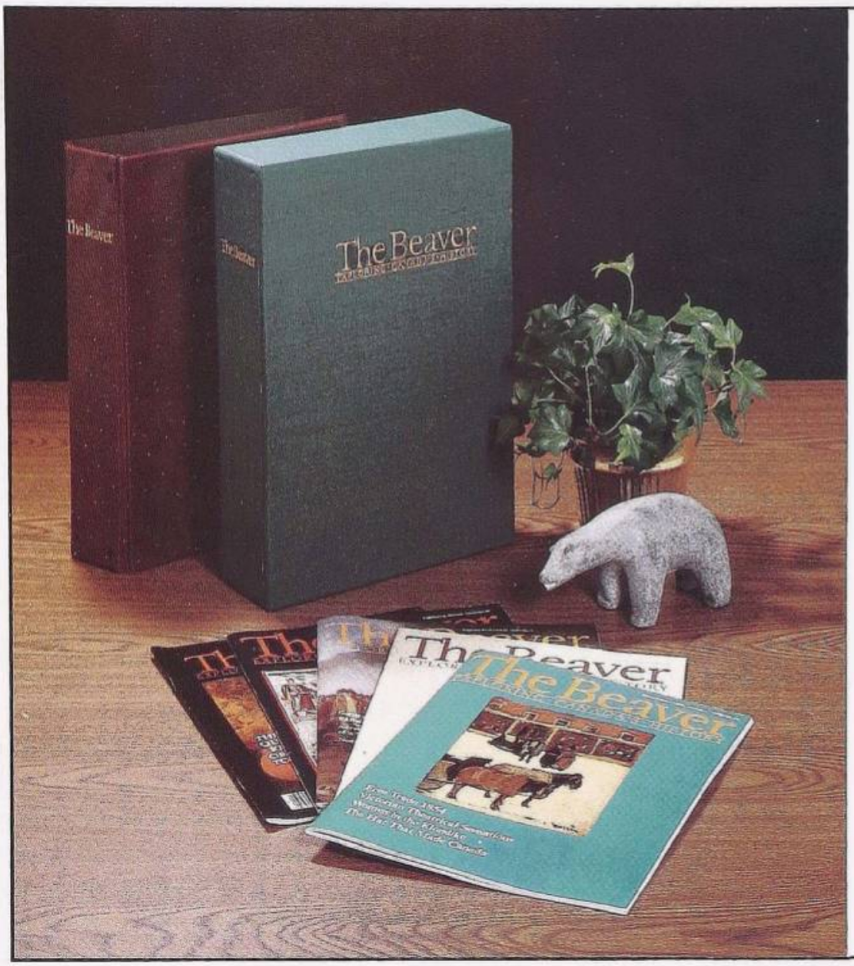

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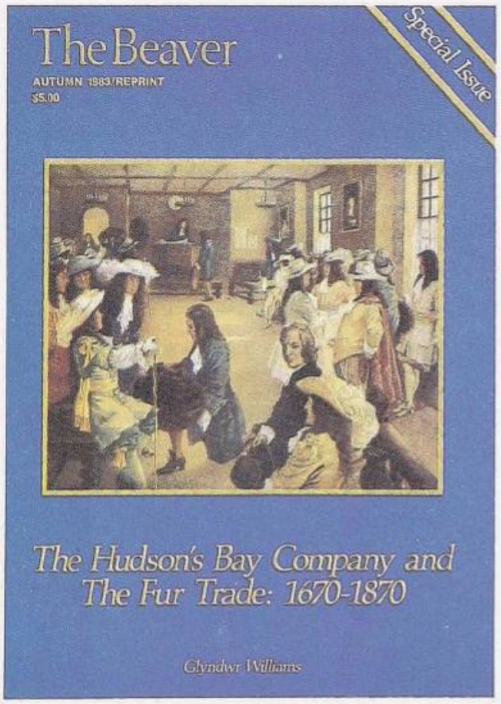

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By GLYNDWR WILLIAMS

86 pages. Illustrated

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The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

6 NINE DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE TRAIL
A pioneer bride in Alberta's land rush of 1904.
AS TOLD TO MARGARET STOBIE

14 STANDING ON GUARD FOR THEE
Maple leaves, Union Jacks and a dauntless hero.
BY J.A. DAVIDSON

21 THE STRANGE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND
A survivor of Waterloo meets a bizarre fate in Upper Canada.
BY GEORGE E. MCELROY

27 A TORONTO PORTRAIT, 1857
A haunting view of the rising metropolis in the age of Victoria.
BY R. NEIL MATHESON

38 THE PARLIAMENT OF SCIENCE
The British Association visits Western Canada, 1909.
BY MARTIN ZEILIG

43 RIGHT AGAINST THE WORLD
Reginald Fessenden and the birth of radio.
BY J.P. MCEVOY

48 RIVALS AND FRIENDS
Hands across the border at the Sault.
BY GRAEME S. MOUNT and MICHAEL J. MULLOY

52 BOOKS

62 THE PACKET

Seventy Years of History

Henry Kelsey's Great Adventure

"The Company have for eighty years slept at the edge of a frozen sea; they have shewn no curiosity to penetrate farther themselves, and have exerted all their art and power to crush that spirit in others."

Joseph Robson, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, spoke for a number of critics of the Hudson's Bay Company who claimed that the London-based traders had failed to live up to important provisions of the charter granted by King Charles II in 1670.

The Company, as a part of its defence against the charge that it had failed to explore its vast territory, drew attention to parts of a journal kept by Henry Kelsey, a Company servant, which purported to describe a journey inland from York in the years 1690-1692.

The Kelsey journals, long lost to public view and only made available to scholars after their discovery in Ireland in the 1920s, describe a journey of discovery that began 300 years ago this summer, although historians are still debating the importance of Kelsey's achievement and the use made by the Company of his findings.

Information touching on Kelsey and his life is not extensive. We know that he joined the Company as a teenager, possibly in his fourteenth year, on 14 April 1684. If, in fact, he was 14 when he entered Company service he was born in the year that the HBC charter was granted, 1670.

His name crops up from time to time in Company records during his early years of service. There was, for example, provision for £8 "and two shutes of apparell" in 1684. On 2 May 1684 a further disbursement of £5.12.0 was made in his favour.

In 1688 the name of Henry Kelsey figured in Company correspondence from London, with instructions to Governor George Geyer that "the Boy Henry Kelsey be sent to Churchill River with Thomas Savage, because we are informed that he is a very active Lad, delighting much in Indians Company, being never better pleased than when he is travelling amongst them."

This delight in Indian company would stand Kelsey in good stead. He learned the language of the Cree and became familiar with native methods of travel and the customs of the country, He was, as historian A.S. Morton wrote in this century, "our first example of that comparatively rare species, the Indianized Englishman."

In September 1690 Governor Geyer reported to the London Committee: "This summer I sent up Henry Kelsey (who cheerfully undertook the journey) up to the Country of the *Asinae Poets*, with the Captain of that Nation, to call, encourage, and invite the remoter Indians to a Trade with us."

Who can tell young Kelsey's feelings as he set off into the unknown? In his report of the journey of 1690, which he wrote in verse, he speaks of emotions other than cheerfulness as he sets out:

Then up ye River I with heavy heart
Did take my way & from all English part
To live amongst ye Natives of this place
If god permits me for one two years space
The Inland Country of Good report hath been
By Indians but by English not yet seen

His journey led Kelsey into the great routes of inter-tribal trade. The exact path of his journey is open to speculation, but the place he named for Deputy Governor Sir Edward Dering is generally thought to be on the Saskatchewan River near The Pas. Subsequent travels brought him deeper into Indian country. He wintered with the Cree on the northern plains, entering a region never before seen by a European.

His journal for the summer and early autumn of 1691 tells a dramatic story. Fur trade historian Glyndwr Williams has written: "The July-September 1691 journal now gives a reasonable amount of detail of a route which in the next two months took Kelsey — according to his own estimate — 585 miles further inland, south-west across the Saskatchewan and Red Deer rivers, and possibly as far as the Touchwood Hills. Kelsey was on the great plains of Western Canada, thick with the

herds of uncountable buffalo, with an Indian population far more numerous than any the Hudson's Bay men knew."

Kelsey was not on a journey of exploration. He made no maps and is not precise in his journals about where he went. He travelled with natives in the native manner and his task was to meet the tribes and enlist them as clients and trading partners for the Company. This task he appears to have accomplished with considerable success.

London was pleased. In a letter to Governor Geyer "at Yorke Fort in Hudsons Bay" sent out in June 1693 this pleasure is expressed: " . . . we are glad that Henery Kelsey is safe returned & brought a good fleet of Indians downe with him and hope he has effected that wch. he was sent about in keeping the Indians from warring with one another, that they may have more time to look after theire trade and bring larger quantity of Furrs and other trad with them to the factory wch. you may all diswade them from when they are with you by Telling them what advantages they may make that the more furrs they bring the more goods they will be able to purchase of us . . ."

It cannot have been an easy journey for a European, but the young Kelsey adapted to Indian ways and took a keen interest in everything that happened. His journals contain striking images that carry us, for an instant, into his great adventure:

> **August**
> **ye 20th:** Today we pitcht to ye outtermost Edge of ye woods this plain affords Nothing but short Round sticky grass & Buffillo and a great sort of a Bear wch is Bigger than any white Bear & is Neither White nor Black But silver hair'd like our English Rabbit ye Buffillo Likewise is not like those to ye Northward their Horns growing like an English Ox but Black and short . . .

The journey must have been frightening as well as interesting. The tribes among which he travelled were almost constantly at war and there must have been times on the journey when Kelsey wondered whether he would survive to see York again. His journey took him through difficult and often dangerous terrain. Without the natives and his knowledge of native ways, Kelsey would have perished, as he warned his friends upon his safe return.

The Company made little use of the information Kelsey brought back with him, happy to have the Indians come to them. Perhaps his story re-enforced fears of travelling too far from the safety of the Bay forts. The great journey of 1690-1692 faded from memory.

We hear of Henry Kelsey from time to time in the years that follow. He was sent as deputy to James Knight at Port Nelson in 1714. A letter of 1722 refers to his four years' service as governor at York Fort. The last reference to Kelsey as a Company servant appears in the *Minute Books* for 1724. His request to command the ship *Hannah* failed when the decision was made not to send the ship to the Bay that year. His death appears to have taken place sometime between then and January 1730. At the latter date his widow "Eliz Kelsey" asked the Company for financial assistance in seeking an apprenticeship for her son. The Company obliged with £10.10.0.

By 1734 she had sunk into poverty and was writing to the Company to seek aid in buying clothing for her son, John, "being wholly incapable to do it herself".

It was a hard age and good services were soon forgotten. And yet after 300 years the journey of young Henry Kelsey remains one of the great adventures of Canadian history. ♦

1690 - 1990

". . . he is a very active Lad, delighting much in Indians Company, being never better pleased than when he is travelling amongst them"

Nine Days and Nights On The Trail, 1904

An Alberta pioneer memoir as told to Margaret Stobie

"We were nine days and nights on the trail." That was the way my mother always began the story of the trip west in 1904, before the rails were through.

She was twenty-two, from Paisley, Bruce County, Ontario, of Scottish parents. My father was ten years older, from Dundalk, Orange County, Ontario, of Irish parents. The baby, Delbert, was two. In the 1950s my mother wrote out this account of their part in the last great land rush in 1904.

— Margaret Stobie

Daddy left in May for the West, following the line of the Canadian National Railway survey for the new railroad through central Saskatchewan and northern Alberta. He stopped at Battleford for the summer, as everyone thought that the railway would go through there and the town had a population of 600 people. The North West Mounted Police headquarters and barracks were there. There were several Indian reserves nearby. The Government Indian Agent resided there and the Indians came in twice yearly for their treaty money. However, because of the very great difficulty of building a bridge across the Saskatchewan River at that point, the railway did not come in (at least the main line) and the town of North Battleford was born on the opposite side of the river. Daddy [a watchmaker and jeweller] had taken some stock (silver and china) with him from the Soo [Sault Ste. Marie] and did a very good business there for the summer and winter. The Vermilion country was being much talked of, so Daddy with Mr. Waite, Mr. Bryden, Mr. West, and Terry McKeone decided they would go up in February and investigate. [Mr. Waite was a market gardener and a onetime cook in Ontario lumber camps; Mr. Bryden was from England, a housepainter and decorator; Terry McKeone was Irish, the brother of an Anglican clergyman's wife].

I followed to Battleford in September with Delbert, reaching Saskatoon — the end of steel at that time — on a rainy evening in September. I followed the crowd, carrying Delbert, to the one hotel there, walking on a single plank — the only sidewalk — with the wonderful sticky mud of Saskatoon on all sides. The hotel was crowded by all kinds and conditions of people going in all directions in the new country, and there was not a vacant room. However, a young policeman gave his room to me because of the baby. The old Presbyterian clergyman from Battleford [Mr. Fisher] was in Saskatoon and Daddy had arranged with him to bring us back to Battleford. He called the next morning. He was driving a team of Indian ponies (very small) and a light buckboard, something like a light buggy, with one seat, and what might be called a platform for boxes, etc. The trip was about ninety miles across prairie trails. We left about 9:00 a.m. and about noon rain came. Delbert and I were not dressed for a chilly rain. I had not thought of that so early in the season, but Mr. Fisher had a rug so I cuddled Delbert up and we were both wrapped in the rug and managed to keep him dry. The clergyman had a very bad case of catarrh and sitting beside him was really painful. We made good time and arrived at the stopping house on the bank of the Saskatchewan River about 5:00 p.m.

The surveyors and engineers were working on the bridge which spans the river just above Saskatoon, a place called then "The Elbow", and were staying in this place kept by a young couple. The railway bridge being built was about two miles further on. There were also other travellers, about 20 in all. We sat around a long table made of boards, and everyone helped himself. They were kind and attentive to me, the only woman, but I did feel a bit embarrassed and self-conscious. The mistress of the house was cooking. She and her husband slept in a tent, and in this room where we had had supper, the men slept — or some of them. The engineers had their own tents. I think there were about 10 slept on the floor.

University of Saskatchewan Collection

Prairie Homestead, 1906, watercolour on paper by C.W. Jefferys.

I was given a small bedroom separated by curtains from the other room, and the clergyman was given another spot separated by curtains beside mine. I did not sleep much as the breathing of others so close was a bit startling. The men arose about 5:00 a.m. and went outside to wash in a tin basin beside the door. I ventured out afterward, attended to Delbert and likewise washed. I had my own towels with me. We had breakfast, I paid my bill, gathered up my belongings, and waited outside until my driver was ready. He was attending to the ponies.

The morning was beautiful, a nip of frost in the air, the leaves turning and the Saskatchewan River in front. It seemed I could almost see into heaven, it was so clear and the air so bracing. I felt I could face anything. My clergyman appeared leading the team by the head, down a small hill to the river's edge. I was looking about for a boat to take us across, but could see none. The team was led onto something which looked to me like a large raft made of logs and a railing around with a sliding gate at each end. I gasped! and was then beckoned to come. Mr. Fisher was telling me to get into the buggy and sit down. He would hold the ponies. He told me it was a cable ferry and the only way to cross! I said "No", they'd have to get some other way to take me across. I'd not even heard of a cable ferry, and the river was very wide and muddy. The boatman laughed heartily and said, "The only other way, ma'am, is to swim and you can't do that with your baby!" I went on in fear and trembling but stood on the floor. I would not get into the buggy. I breathed a most sincere prayer that we'd get across safely. We reached the opposite bank, I climbed off quickly and sat down on the bank until I could walk steadily and cease trembling. This was my first experience with a cable ferry. I've never cared for them.

We had food with us and travelled all day, stopping by the roadside for lunch, and reaching the shack of a friend of Mr. Fisher's late in the evening, where we stayed the night. The men slept outside somewhere, and the mistress, Delbert and I inside. We were not very comfortable as they had few comforts. We resumed our journey in the early morning.

Near Battleford we again had to cross on a cable ferry, which took some time as that part of the river had sand banks and we had to dodge them. It was the first time I'd seen sand banks.

Reaching the opposite side, we had a very long and steep hill to climb. We drove three miles to the town, where Daddy met us. He had taken two furnished

rooms in Bryden's house there. I was very tired and grateful to turn over all responsibility to Daddy and rest.

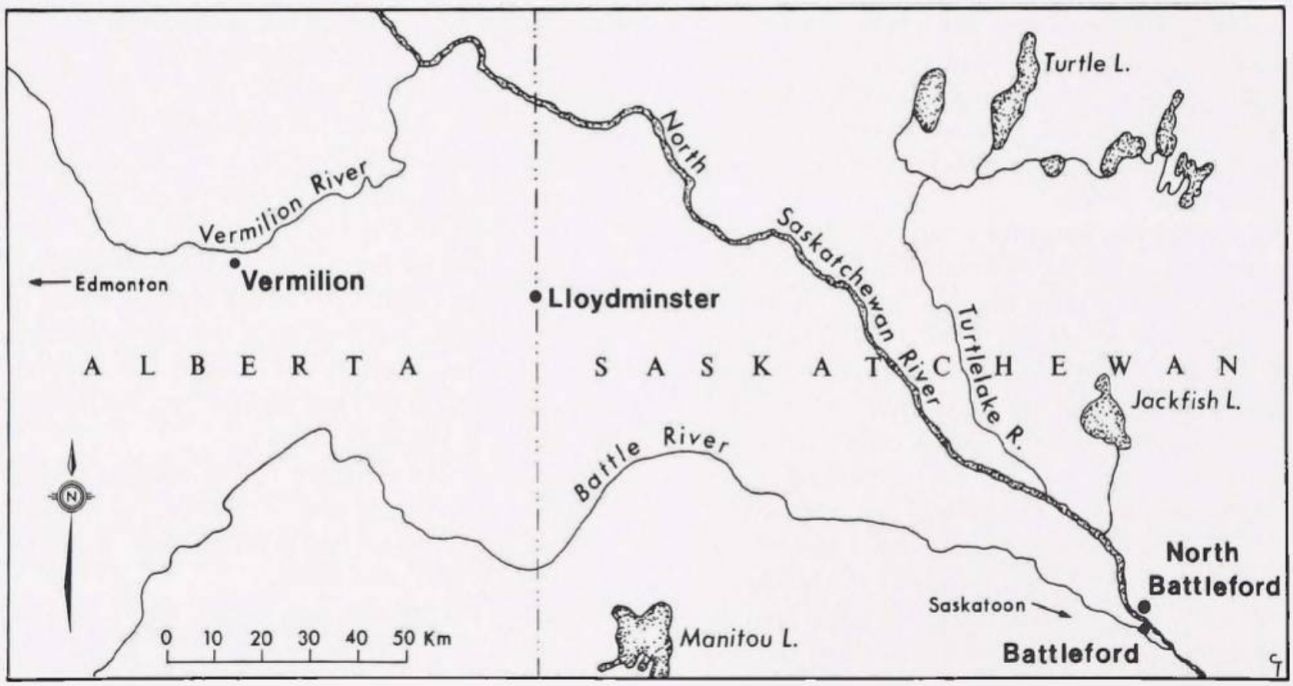
We spent a pleasant winter in Battleford, or until February, when Daddy, and Messrs. West, Waite, Bryden, and McKeone left for the Vermilion district. They selected the land and Mr. McKeone rode back to Lloydminster (the nearest telegraph station) and wired me the locations. The Land Office was in Battleford, and I filed these locations for them. The men worked together, cut the logs and created a small log house on each place. Then Daddy, Mr. Bryden, and Mr. McKeone returned to Battleford and we prepared to go. The Brydens did not come up until the next year, but Mr. McKeone returned with us, driving about a dozen cattle which we had bought, and riding his pony.

When Daddy returned, we proceeded at once to prepare for the trip back. He bought the cattle, some milk cows, and a tin stove (small) and other things we needed. I gathered the household things, food box, medicines, and packed our household belongings (or some of them). We had brought some furniture from the East, and this had been brought in by the wagon freighters from Saskatoon, with our trunks, etc. We left these things to be brought by the freighters to the Vermilion district. They arrived about six weeks after we arrived and were left at the Bowtell stopping house, six miles east of Vermilion. Harry Bowtell had a place there. He was Homestead Inspector and Matt Brimacombe had the post office there, also issued marriage licenses, etc. The mail was brought in weekly by team. A church service was held monthly. Our goods were left there, and the men went back after them later. Uncle Welly [Wellington Roseborough, Daddy's brother] was there when we arrived, having come in from the Soo by the Edmonton route, with Mr. McCoppen of Edmonton. He stayed a short time and went back to Edmonton.

The wagon and horses (Indian ponies) had been bought during the winter, when the men made the trip up. We packed the wagon with our mattress and springs, stove, trunks, kitchen necessities, bedding box, dishes, a tent, a good supply of groceries, a large food box for the trip and bags of oats for the horses. We also had Terry McKeone to provide for. Then Daddy had considerable hardware, nails, tools, small windows. So we had quite a load. We covered it with a tarpaulin. We had intended making a frame for the wagon and covering it, but could not get it done. The tarpaulin was large enough to pull over our heads. We sat in the seat in front of the wagon — the only place, as the wagon was packed to capacity.

We started from Brydens' house. We dressed warmly, with winter coats handy, and I dressed Delbert very warmly, with all his winter things to hand. We put some lighter things in a suitcase. We were alone save for Mr. McKeone, who rode on his pony to drive the cattle. We could not travel fast as we needed to keep pace with the cows and they had to stop to graze. We intended camping at night, hence the tent and tin stove, but it rained a great deal and these rainy nights were those we spent in houses.

We got away from Battleford about 10:00 a.m. on May 8th, a dark morning. We stopped to make lunch about 1:00 p.m., unharnessed and fed the horses and fed the cattle. We'd nicely got on the way when rain



Art Gallery of Ontario

A Prairie Trail 1912, oil on canvas by C.W. Jefferys.

came, becoming worse each mile we went, so at 5:00 p.m. we stopped, and seeing a decent sized house ahead went in, as we could not put up the tent. The house had a large living room, almost empty, but there was a fire and we were cold. There was a woman and a girl, half-breeds, but things looked all right, and the woman said we could have the room, but she had no bed. We told her we had our own, also our food, so we went in. We also got feed for the horses and Mr. McKeone drove the cattle into the pasture field.

We got supper and things ready for the night, when our hostess said, "Perhaps I'd better tell you, we've got fleas here. We're used to them, but they may bother you." After being in bed for a while, we thought there was nothing but fleas and had a terrible night. We stood it until 4:00 a.m. when we arose, took all our things outside, and prepared breakfast there. The morning was glorious and gave us fresh hope. Poor Delbert had not a spot on his body larger than a pin head that was not bitten by fleas and he was cross. We shook our bedding, etc., got packed up, the horses hitched to the wagon, and drove to the roadside. We paid our bill, and the poor woman was so sorry we'd been troubled.

Mr. McKeone had gone to the pasture for the cattle and we were waiting for him. He came galloping down to say that he'd forgotten to close the pasture gate the previous night and the cattle had gone. Daddy was furious with him and knew, of course, that they would have gone back to their old home in Battleford. He unhitched the horses, got astride one, and went with Terry to get the cattle. We'd just gone eight miles the day before, but the cattle were within three miles of Battleford. They got them turned around and arrived back about 1:00 p.m. where they'd left us. We'd spent the time there since 6:00 o'clock on the roadside. It was a long and lonely morning. I was not afraid, for the house was near. We had lunch and went on, travelling well into the evening, when we pitched our tent, made a smudge fire, and held our bedding over it to try and rid it of fleas. However, we were not entirely rid of them until we arrived at our destination and went to work earnestly with them. I bathed Delbert in baking-soda water, which helped him.

You know how beautiful a May evening is on the prairie, and this night was one of the best. The wonderful air and sky, the leaves bursting and the flowers beneath. We had supper and felt we were travelling to the promised land of milk and honey. The horses were tethered and Terry and Daddy took turns watching the cattle. Terry slept rolled up in a blanket underneath the wagon.

The next morning was fine and we started about 6:00 a.m., travelling all day with the usual stops and

The Roseboroughs on their first homestead, with Delbert.

had another bright evening. We met very few travellers, but always stopped for a chat whenever we did meet them. We slept out of doors again, the third evening, but the next morning was gloomy. We had an early start, but it soon rained. We drew the tarpaulin up a bit and had covers for our knees and didn't get too wet. We had a basket lunch eaten on the wagon seat. We went on but stopped early, coming to a small house and inquired as to accommodation. The people were a young couple, also I think quarter-breeds. The place was clean and very neat. They said yes, to come in, they'd sleep in the kitchen and we could have the bedroom. There were just the two rooms. They had not much food to share so we used our own. We also used our bedding and had a comfortable night with the stock well-cared for. These people saw very little money and thought the amount Daddy gave them was too much, but were glad of it. They were a fine young couple.

We had an early start — 6 a.m. — and made a good day, but toward evening rain came again. We saw a good-sized house quite a distance from the road and went to it. There was nothing lying about outside, all very neat and clean looking as if caring people lived there. They came out to greet us, lovely, gentle people, and gave us such a welcome! The horses were attended to, the cattle also, and we were not allowed to carry anything in. Everything was done in such a gracious way. We knew they were glad to have us. It was the Cleator family, Manx people, who had come out with the Barr colonists — Mr. and Mrs. Cleator, two beautiful girls about 16 and 18, and two boys. They had come out thinking that their young family would have a better chance in this new country. They had endured much hardship.

The evening meal was hurried along, but first they gave us tea, served as in any English drawing room. They had brought their beautiful things: china, silver, and linens. We had bread and butter with the tea. The family came in, the girls and boys serving and Mrs. Cleator pouring the tea, using the beautiful tea service. We had this in the front part of the house — a piano in one corner and the bunks one above the other in another corner. For the meal, we had stewed rabbit as the main dish, the only meat they had. I could not eat it and was so ashamed. Supper was in the sod kitchen, which had a mud floor — that is, the sod was taken off, the earth smoothed and left to harden. It could be swept with a broom just like any other floor, but it was dusty. The chores were done while the girls washed the dishes, etc.

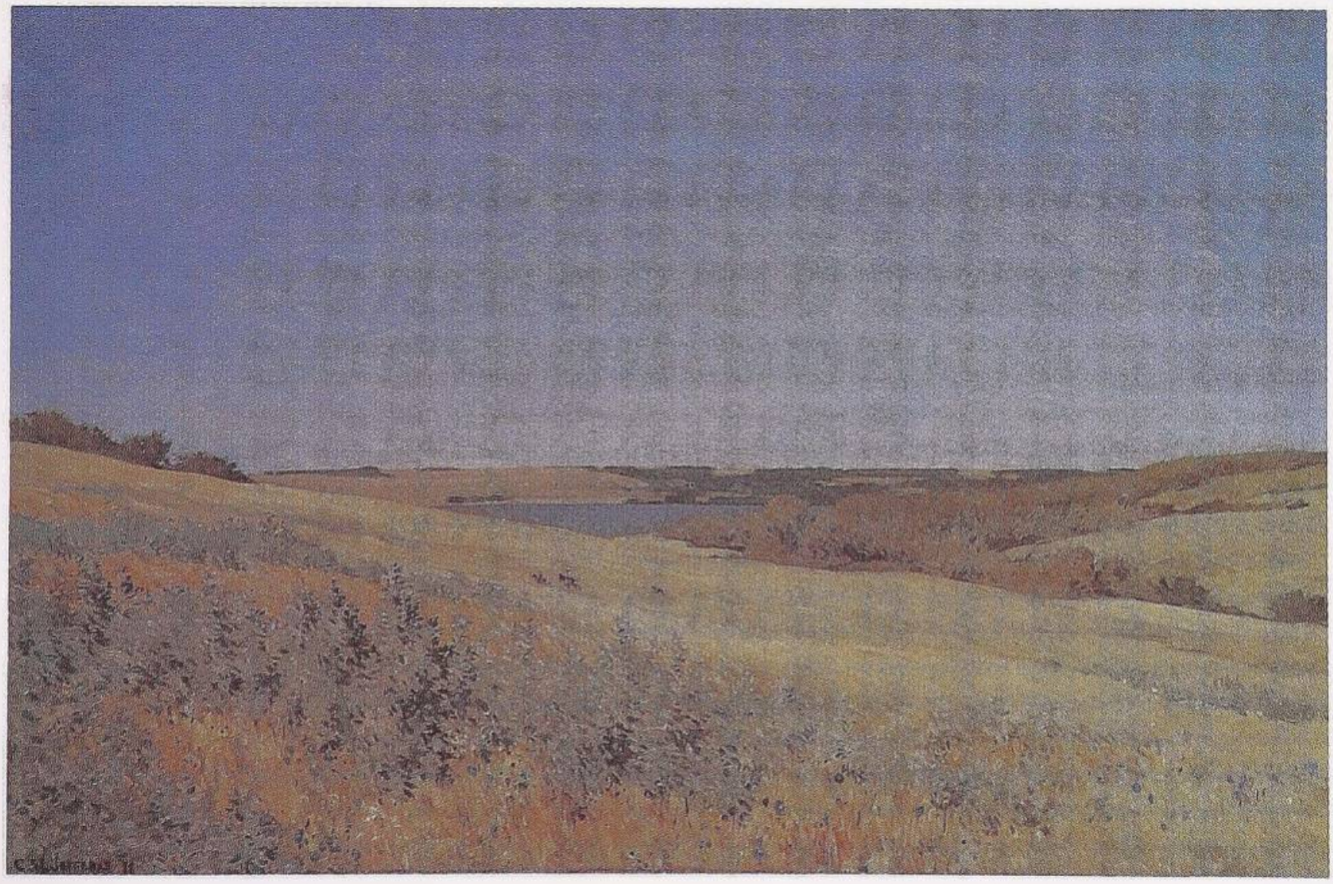
Then we had music. Mrs. Cleator had a fine, trained voice, the girls also had training, and all were musicians. Mrs. Cleator played the piano and we all sang, then she sang for us. There was a loft of a kind over this front room, reached by a ladder nailed to the wall.

They had beds up there, but we slept in the bunks downstairs. They were made from poles laid crosswise and very uncomfortable, with rugs and fur robes for a mattress. They had no idea how to help themselves to comfort. Outside, the native hay was so tall that one could walk in it and not be seen. Daddy told them to make mattresses for their beds from that. They were so grateful, had not thought of it. All was done for us in the morning as in the previous evening. We then had breakfast and morning prayers followed, one of the daughters playing the piano as we sang a hymn, Mrs. Cleator leading with her beautiful voice. We parted, feeling we'd left good friends — not saying good-bye. Mr. and Mrs. Cleator explained, "We do not say good-bye," so they all said "good morning, we hope to meet you again; a safe journey and God bless you!" They stood watching us until we took a turn where we could no longer see them. We went on not speaking for a time, feeling the privilege we'd had in meeting this family.

The morning was lovely, the grass green, new land all around us, with occasionally a sight of a small cabin. We reached Lloydminster about noon. It was a place of few buildings, I think a bit of sidewalk one plank wide here and there. We stopped there for lunch and stayed the afternoon. Daddy bought a horse there, which we tied to the back of the wagon. The people in Lloydminster were mostly the Barr colonists, so-called because they came from England shepherded by Mr. Barr, who had not kept his promises to them, causing them great suffering after their arrival in Saskatoon when journeying to this land. Bishop Lloyd had rescued them from him and worked unceasingly with them to settle there comfortably, hence the name of the town, Lloydminster.

We left about 5:00 p.m. and travelled late in the evening when we came to a pretty spot and pitched the tent on a bright warm evening. We made preparations for an early start in the morning, but awoke to find a heavy rain, so heavy we could not have breakfast as we could uncover nothing. The tent began to leak a bit, so Daddy decided we'd leave everything and walk on to a house he knew was about three miles on. Mr. McKeone stayed to watch things, but the new horse was restive so we took him along, taking turns leading the horse and carrying the baby. I wrapped Delbert in a rubber knee-rug. The hay along the trail was shoulder high, sometimes higher, but we kept Delbert dry. I'd carry him as long as I could, then Daddy took him and I led the horse. I was very much afraid of the horse and kept as far away as possible. We reached the house soaked to the skin, hoping for a warm fire. It was the home of a young couple who had come in the previous year bringing lumber for a small house. When cooking their Christmas dinner, the place in some way caught fire and they lost everything. She

Western Sunlight, Last Mountain Lake 1911, oil on canvas by C.W. Jefferys.



National Gallery of Canada

said the stove had been overheated, so she was afraid to put on much fire. They had built another very small place and, of course, I could understand her nervousness of a big fire. Daddy just took off his coat and shoes and socks and got dry in no time. She gave us breakfast of bread and very fat bacon and tea. She had no butter or eggs. But we were glad of what we got and stayed till afternoon when the weather cleared and Daddy went back, packed things and came along for us. It was a good afternoon and we had no more rain. I forgot to say — Daddy had put a flask of brandy in the food box just before leaving Battleford for just such an emergency. I had not discovered it. But before we started on our rainy walk to the house, he thought we should take something to warm us a bit and went to get the flask and lo — it was empty! Mr. McKeone had been quietly taking a drop all the way along. Daddy was thoroughly angry with him and the atmosphere was very cool for some time.

We travelled until dusk and reached the Mooneys' place, near where Islay now is. It was a very busy spot: a large log house, a few tents, a store, and quite a gathering of people. Mrs. Mooney's mother and brothers had come in the previous year. The McGinnis people and the Mooney family had come later. They seemed all to live between the house and the tents or the store. The house was curtained off for bedrooms and living room. They had a couple of small children. The tents (some of them) were occupied by the railway surveyors. The Mooneys kept settlers' supplies, boots, etc. and also gave meals. They gave us a warm welcome and Mrs. McGinnis insisted that we have her bedroom as there was a woman in our party. They'd not had a woman visitor for a long time. The bed was grand — a huge feather bed, and my back was very tired. Daddy also was tired and we had a good rest and a good breakfast. Mrs. McGinnis gave me different kinds of baking to take along.

We got an early start as we wanted to make our own place the next night. It was a warm morning and we put on lighter clothing. I'd brought an old circle sun hat with a pink ribbon tied around it. The sun was bright and warm so I put it on. Mrs. McGinnis thought it was grand. I'd given $1.50 for it, but things were cheap then. We travelled on. Stopped for lunch at Breage, the post office, where we first met Harry Bowtell, Matt Brimacombe, and Billy Raddatz, the blacksmith. As we neared the townsite of Vermilion — it had been selected by the CNR — everything was black. A prairie fire had swept over. Daddy was afraid that everything might be gone, but when we got to the Brown boys' place (where the Experimental Farm now is) we saw things were all right. The Brown boys, with Teddy Beresford and Ed Sutton, came out to greet us

The prairie as seen from Lloydminster, 1904.

Archives of Alberta

Glenbow Archives

Settlers fighting a prairie fire, 1906.

when they heard the wagon. Henry Stephens and Fred Millar had the Stephens' store just beyond the Browns' log house. They were thrilled that a woman was settling in their neighborhood. Mrs. Powell, six miles down the river, and her daughter were the nearest then.

We went right across from Browns' toward our own place, going in just a bit west of the present hospital, passing Mr. Waite's log cabin, and ours was a quarter of a mile on. Wellington and Mr. Waite were looking for us and had things cooked and ready to get a meal quickly. They, too, had a tin stove. We were glad to see our little log house, unfinished of course, a "Government" sod roof, no floor, some barrels with planks across for a table, but it was home. We got our dishes out, and it was a happy party.

My bedroom had been partitioned off by poplar poles, which in the spring peel easily. We had springs and mattresses with us, which we put up on blocks.

We didn't get our freight for six weeks, and during that time Daddy went to Edmonton with Fred Millar, who was going there for supplies for the store. They left the wagon box off in order to bring down lumber for our floor and a couple of doors. They made a wagon box of this in Edmonton to bring the supplies for the store, and we got our lumber that way. In the meantime, we painted the beams of ceiling and partitions a slate grey, and when the floor was laid and the doors on, we painted them grey. We put cream building paper on the ceiling (if it could be called that). It kept the hay from falling through the poles. You see — with a "Government roof" the poles are laid first on rafters, then hay must be put on so the knots in the poles won't make holes in the sod. The sod is then cut and put on in squares, and we covered it with tar paper clamped to the poles at the sides and to the ridge pole at the top of the roof. Strips of wood were also put on to keep the widths of paper together and secured at sides and top.

The summer was one of long hours and hard work. We got water from a spring in the ravine, but there was a well to dig, fence posts to be got out and sharpened, land to break, the hay to put up for winter, and a stable to build for the cattle. Later on we built a sod kitchen where we put the stove, made some shelves and a table, also a stand for our trunks, etc.

When our goods arrived, we had an attractive little place. I put up curtains on the windows as if they were full-sized windows though they were small half-windows. When an uncle of Mr. Simons [the Presbyterian minister, a Scot] came from Montreal, he wanted to see a real homesteader's place, so Mr. Simons brought him out. He was interested in everything, and we had tea. I saw him looking carefully at the windows. He had been outside and had seen their size from there. He finally went to the window and looked out, pulling back the curtains. He turned and loomed at us and said, "Well, the deceitfulness of woman is past all understanding!" We had a hearty laugh. ♦

Margaret Stobie, a longtime contributor to "The Beaver", is a retired Professor of English who lives in Winnipeg. Dr. Stobie writes: "My father, A.W. Roseborough, later enlisted in the Canadian infantry. He was gassed and wounded at Ypres and invalided home to the military hospital at Edmonton, where he died in 1917, the first of the Vermilion casualties".

Standing On Guard For Thee

Canada's Patriotic Symbols

By J.A. DAVIDSON

Major-General James Wolfe was wounded three times before he died at the age of thirty-two on the Plains of Abraham on 13 September 1759. He had been appointed by the British prime minister, William Pitt, to command the land forces in the expedition against Quebec. Eleven days before the battle, he sent a dispatch to Pitt in which he said: "In this situation, there is such a Choice of Difficultys, that I own myself at a Loss how to determine."

"A Choice of Difficultys": an evocative, challenging phrase. At many junctures in our history we have had to make choices among difficulties.

The British North America Act, proclaimed on 1 July 1867, did not create a new state, but simply a larger colony. Apron strings of colonialism kept it attached to Mother Britain: the last vestiges of those strings have disappeared only in the lifetime of many older Canadians.

After Confederation more than a century passed before we chose an official national anthem. And we needed 97 years to make the choice, among difficulties, of a national flag.

O Canada was first sung, in French, on 24 June 1880 at a French-Canadian assembly in Quebec City. The Governor General, the Marquis of Lorne, and his wife, Princess Louise (a daughter of Queen Victoria), were guests of honour. Quebec's lieutenant-governor had asked Adolphe Routhier, a judge of the province's Superior Court, to write words for a national song for the occasion. Calixa Lavallee, a friend of Routhier's and one of Quebec's leading musicians, composed the music. The song quickly became popular in French Canada, and later with many English-speaking Canadians.

About twenty English versions of *O Canada* were published, none of them a simple translation from the original French. The one that received the widest acceptance, and is the basis of the now official English version, was written in 1908 by another Quebec judge, Robert Stanley Weir, on the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec City.

In 1924 the Association of Canadian Clubs recommended its use at club meetings. Then the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire and the Canadian Author's Association gave it their blessings. The federal government decreed its use, in both the Routhier and Weir versions, for the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation in 1927 and for the Royal Visit in 1939. But some Canadians would not accept it: in February 1956 members of the Orange Lodge in Ontario's Lincoln County declared the singing of *O Canada* in the schools of St. Catharines to be "subversive and unpatriotic".

In 1967 Parliament approved the use of *O Canada* in official celebrations of the centennial of Confederation. Then on 27 June 1980 — a century and three days after it was first sung in Quebec City — Parliament adopted as our national anthem the first verse of each version, with minor changes in the English one. The French version adopted was the original Routhier one from 1880 — not, as some English-speaking Canadians seem to think, an inaccurate translation of Weir's 1908 English version.

God Save the Queen originated in London early in the eighteenth century as a patriotic song. In Canada it is now performed officially in the presence of members of the royal family, and as part of the salute

Controversy surrounded the launching of Canada's maple leaf flag in 1965.

accorded the governor general and the lieutenant-governors, and on certain other occasions.

The Maple Leaf Forever, thirteen years older than *O Canada*, was written in the year of Confederation by Alexander Muir, a Scot who had come to Canada as a child. He wrote the words as a last-minute entry in a patriotic poetry contest of the Caledonian Society of Montreal: he won second prize. He also composed the music.

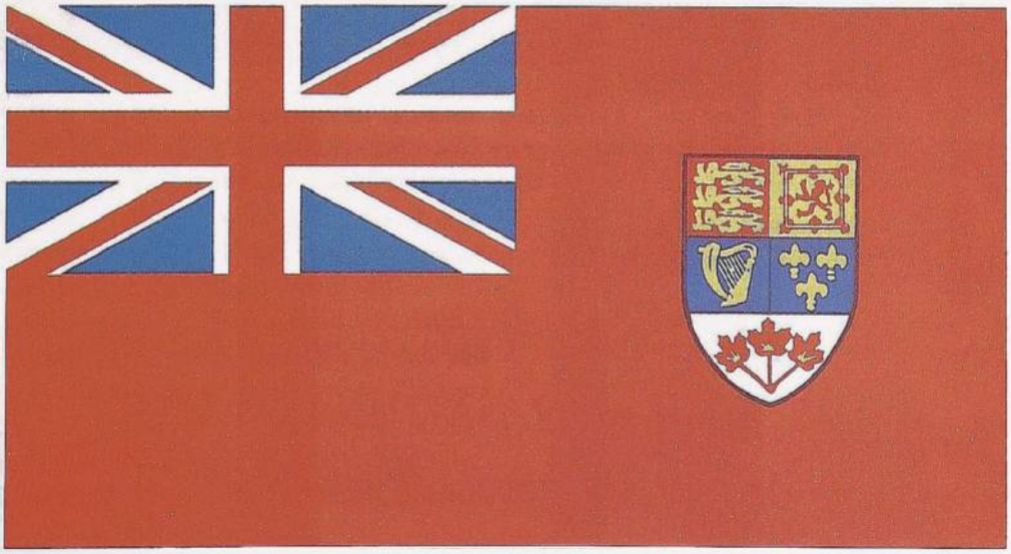
In 1867 the maple leaf appeared on the armorial bearings of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and Muir's words reflected its symbolic significance for Canadians at that time.

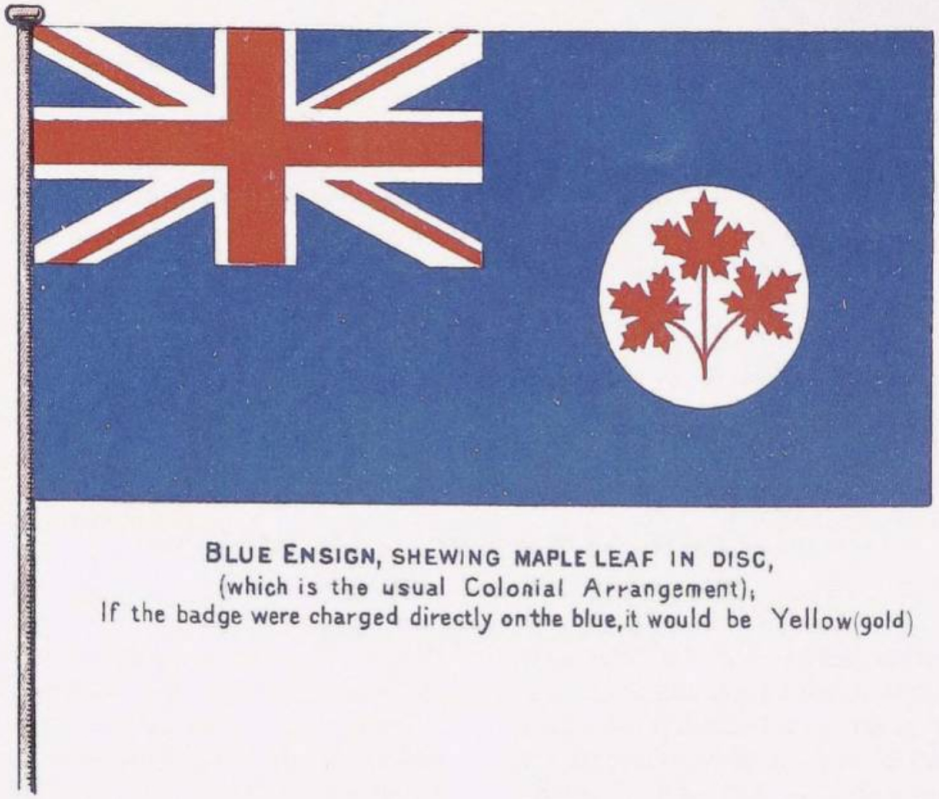
In Canada we have nine kinds of maple trees and shrubs, the best known of which is the Sugar Maple, sometimes called the Red Maple because in the autumn its leaves are bright red. It grows in the Maritime provinces and in the southern regions of Quebec and Ontario. It is not indigenous to Newfoundland or to the prairie provinces or to British Columbia.

I was in my thirties before I saw a Sugar Maple in leaf. During my prairie boyhood I knew the Manitoba Maple which grows in the prairie regions of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and southern Alberta: its leaf is quite different from that of the Sugar Maple.

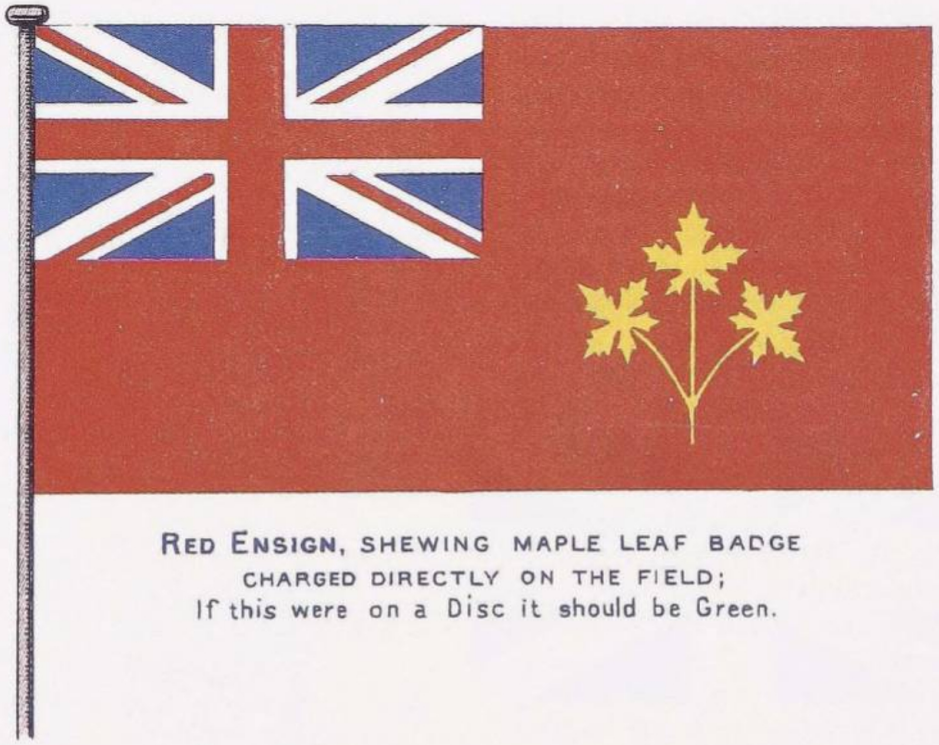
The maple leaf — the one from the Sugar Maple — has been looked on as an emblem of Canada since early in the eighteenth century. When the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) visited Canada in 1860, citizens of Upper Canada were asked to wear sprigs of maple leaves as the emblem of their land. It was used, in one way or another, on most regimental and corps cap badges of the Canadian Army in both the world wars — even in regiments from the prairies and British Columbia. And a single maple leaf has been carved on the headstone of each Canadian grave in

The Canadian Red Ensign first identified Canadian government buildings abroad.





BLUE ENSIGN, SHEWING MAPLE LEAF IN DISC,
(which is the usual Colonial Arrangement);
If the badge were charged directly on the blue, it would be Yellow (gold)



RED ENSIGN, SHEWING MAPLE LEAF BADGE
CHARGED DIRECTLY ON THE FIELD;
If this were on a Disc it should be Green.

PROPOSED DESIGN FOR

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL FLAG.

See Page 227 Canadian Almanac for 1896.

THE COPP, CLARK CO. LTD LITH. TORONTO.

war cemeteries. In 1960 the Royal Canadian Legion replaced the Union Jack with a red maple leaf in the centre of its badge — although in 1964 at its national convention in Winnipeg some of its members booed Lester Pearson because of his maple leaf flag proposals.

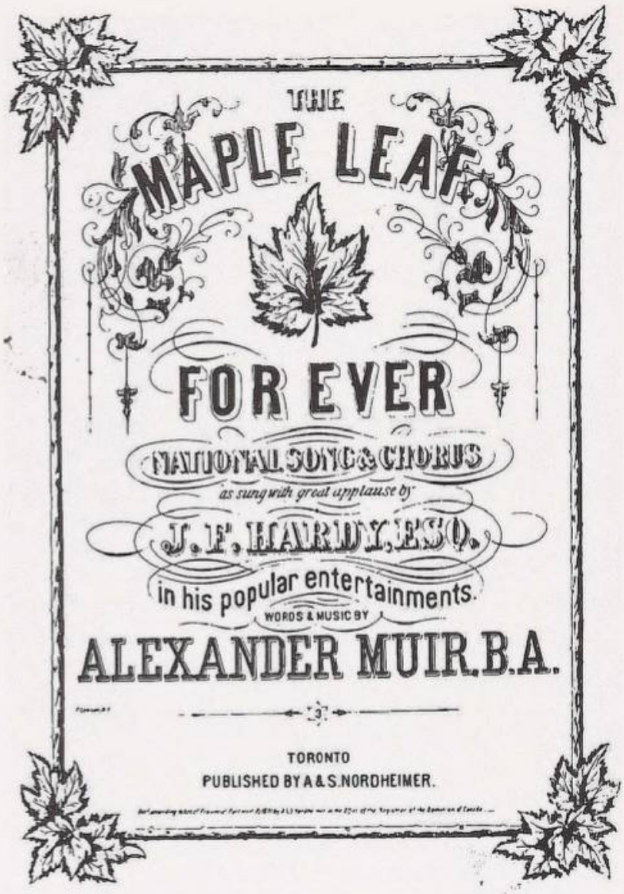
Muir's song became popular among English-speaking Canadians, many of whom hoped it would become the national anthem. French-Canadians were not inclined to be terribly enthusiastic about "Wolfe the dauntless hero", and some wondered why the entwining of the thistle, shamrock and rose did not include the lily, the fleur-de-lis from the royal coat of arms of old France, a significant symbol in Quebec.

Lester Pearson, when he was Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, arranged an unofficial competition for a light verse about Canadian diplomats abroad being warned that they could not accept honours that might be offered them by other countries without the permission of the department. The winner was a junior British diplomat stationed in Ottawa who had been allowed to enter but was told by Pearson that he would not be given the prize, a bottle of rye, on the grounds that he got his liquor duty-free. The winning entry deserves a place in Canadian folklore: *Away with tunics, cocked hats, swords / In proof of stern endeavour. / We'll wear (where Adam wore the fig) / The Maple Leaf For Ever.*

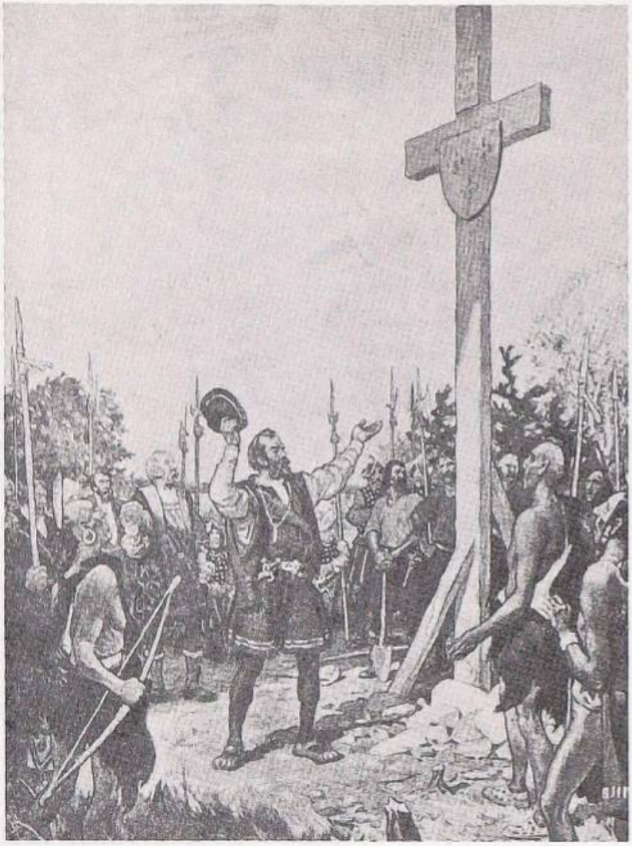
The first British flag to be flown in Canada possibly was the Cross of St. George planted by Giovanni Caboto, an Italian navigator and merchant who changed his name to John Cabot when he settled in Bristol. On 24 June 1497 he made the first recorded landfall on the North American continent since the Norsemen. He landed in Labrador. Or in Newfoundland. Or in Cape Breton Island.

When the French navigator, Jacques Cartier, landed in Gaspé in 1543 he planted a wooden cross bearing on it the Royal Arms of France, a blue shield with three golden fleurs-de-lis. France at that time did not have a national flag. The fleur-de-lis is on the arms granted the province of Quebec by Queen Victoria in 1868.

In 1621, at the beginning of settlement in Nova Scotia, the flag flown was the Union Flag, commonly called the Union Jack. This was the first Union Flag, introduced in 1606 after the union of England and Scotland: it bears the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. This is the flag that Wolfe "planted firm . . . on Canada's fair domain" in 1759. (Mind you, Wolfe probably had been killed before the flag was planted on the Plains of Abraham.) In 1801, when Ireland entered the union, the cross of St. Patrick was added, completing the Union Jack as we now have it. (Actually, it is a "Jack" only when flown on a jackstaff, a short staff set at the bow of a ship.)



A future Canadian prime minister, Lester B. Pearson, wore ceremonial dress at the coronation of King George VI in 1937.



Cartier claims Gaspé for France, 1534, from a painting by C.W. Jefferys.

The Union Jack is the flag Canadian forces are said to have fought under in the two world wars. During the second one I did my actual fighting as signals officer with the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada from Caen to the Hochwald and the only flag I remember is the Red Cross on the ambulance-jeeps.

After the war I studied theology and became a minister in the United Church of Canada. In 1952 I returned to the army as a padre, and late that year I was sent to Germany to serve with our NATO brigade there: I was issued the standard field kit for chaplains, which included a large flag for funeral and other purposes, a Union Jack.

Many of us remember, with affection, the Canadian Red Ensign, the flag that didn't quite make it.

The British flag known as the Red Ensign was assigned by Queen Anne in 1707 as the flag of the British merchant marine. From 1870 merchant ships of Canadian registry flew a Canadian version of it to declare their identity. When first used it had in its fly the quartered arms of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick as a shield. Then those of Prince Edward Island were added, soon followed by those of British Columbia and Manitoba and, in 1905, those of the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. I have a picture of this flag: the shield in the fly seems appallingly cluttered, not at all attractive.

In 1924 the Canadian Red Ensign was altered by an Order in Council, which authorized the placing in the fly the Arms of Canada which had been granted by King George V in 1921: this made it much tidier. The three maple leaves, conjoined on one stem, at the bottom of it were green.

This flag was approved for use on Canadian government buildings abroad in order that our establishments would not be mistaken for British ones. It was only in September 1945 that our Red Ensign was authorized, by Order in Council, for use on government buildings within Canada. It had already acquired a degree of official sanction for use at home when it replaced the Union Jack on the Peace Tower on VE-Day, Tuesday, 8 May 1945, and was flown there until the following Sunday, when the Union Jack was again raised. In 1957 the Diefenbaker government changed the colour of the maple leaves on the ensign to red to accord with Canada's official colours, red and white.

The offical quest for a distinctive Canadian flag began in 1946, following the Second World War, when a strong sense of nationhood had developed. A select committee of Parliament examined more than 1,500 proposals. Agreement on design could not be reached during the following eighteen years. But, as the centennial of Confederation approached, Parliament intensified its efforts to choose a flag.

In June 1964 a proposal for a new flag was introduced in Parliament. This was what came to be called "the Pearson Pennant" — three red maple leaves, on a single stem, on a white centre square, with blue bars on each side. It didn't fly.

The final debate began in the House of Commons on 15 June 1964. Six months later, on 15 December, it ended. John Diefenbaker demanded that the new flag honour the "founding races", with the Union Jack in the position of honour. Lester Pearson insisted on a design that would signify allegiance to Canada and would be devoid of colonial connotations. After long, rancorous debate the issue was referred to a 15-member all-party committee.

The committee recommended a design based in a general way on the flag of the Royal Military College of Canada, to be twice as wide as deep, quarter red / half white / quarter red — with a large red maple leaf in the white squared centre. This design was presented by John Matheson, M.P., who played a leading role in the debate. The distinguished historian, George F. G. Stanley, then Dean of Arts at the Royal Military College, is credited with having suggested the design.

Debate continued until Leon Balcer, an influential Conservative member from Quebec, asked the Liberal government to invoke closure. Invoke it they did — but only after about 250 speeches had been made, with a limit of twenty minutes to a speech. The vote was taken at two o'clock in the morning of 15 December

1964. The committee recommendation was accepted, 163 to 78. Senate approval came two days later.

On 28 January 1965 Queen Elizabeth II signed the royal proclamation declaring that the flag accepted by Parliament would become Canada's national flag on 15 Feburary 1965. At noon that day on the pole in front of the Parliament Buildings the Canadian Red Ensign was lowered and the new flag was raised by a constable of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

That Easter Gordon Robertson, Clerk of the Privy Council and Secretary to the Cabinet, driving home from a visit to the U.S.A. through Niagara Falls to Ottawa, was distressed to see along his route many of the new Canadian flags in a wide variety of colours, from pink through orange to rust. He spoke to the prime minister about this, who instructed him to convene a special group to deal with the problem.

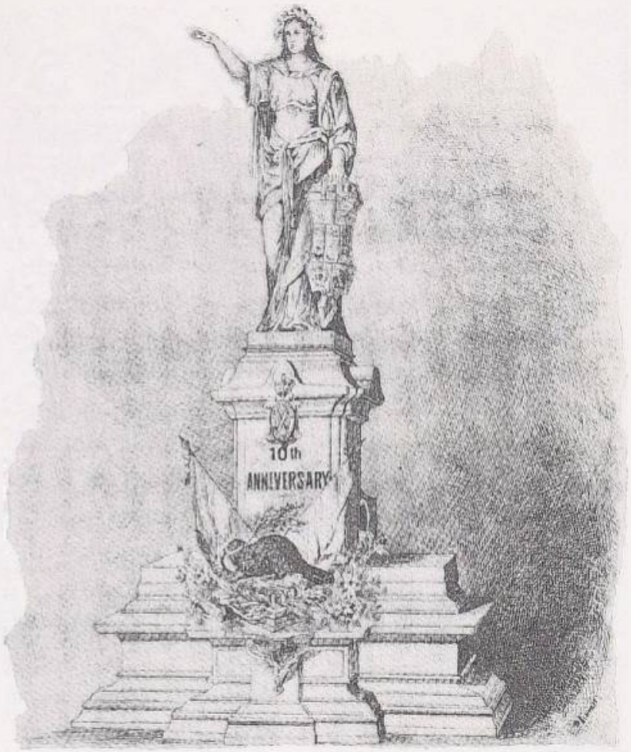
Research respecting the determination of the correct red colour and the life-expectancy of that colour on a nylon flag was assigned to Dr. Gunter Wyszecki, a German-born scientist who headed the Optics Section of the National Research Council and was one of the world's leading experts in colour science. He estimated that there are about half-a-million identifiable reds. Eventually he came up with the accepted red and with precise specifications of colour fastness that would hold up well under all conditions. He said that the flag, in the first instance, should be manufactured in Canada from synthetic fibres produced here — specifically, 1.9 ounce nylon taffeta.

We have tended to follow British practice in our use of these symbols, but we have been influenced by American customs and solemnities. The Americans tie together their flag and their national anthem in a way that we do not: their anthem is simply a song in praise of their flag. They seem more emotional and ritualistic than we are about such things.

The first time I spoke to a service club after my coming to Victoria in 1984 I was sitting beside the president at the head table when he called the meeting to order and asked us to sing *O Canada*. We all stood up. It took me about six seconds to sense that others at the head table had turned around and were facing flags behind the table, which included an American one. I noticed that one man on the floor had his right hand over his heart. Feeling a little uncouth, I did a sharp about-turn.

I could not remember having seen this sort of thing done in other parts of the country — although I may not always have been paying attention. Nor was it done at mess dinners I attended during my more than fourteen years in the army and my seven years as an honorary chaplain to the R.C.M.P. in Ottawa.

This prompted me to write to the Department of the Secretary of State, asking about flag-and-anthem custom and etiquette. I received a reply from the

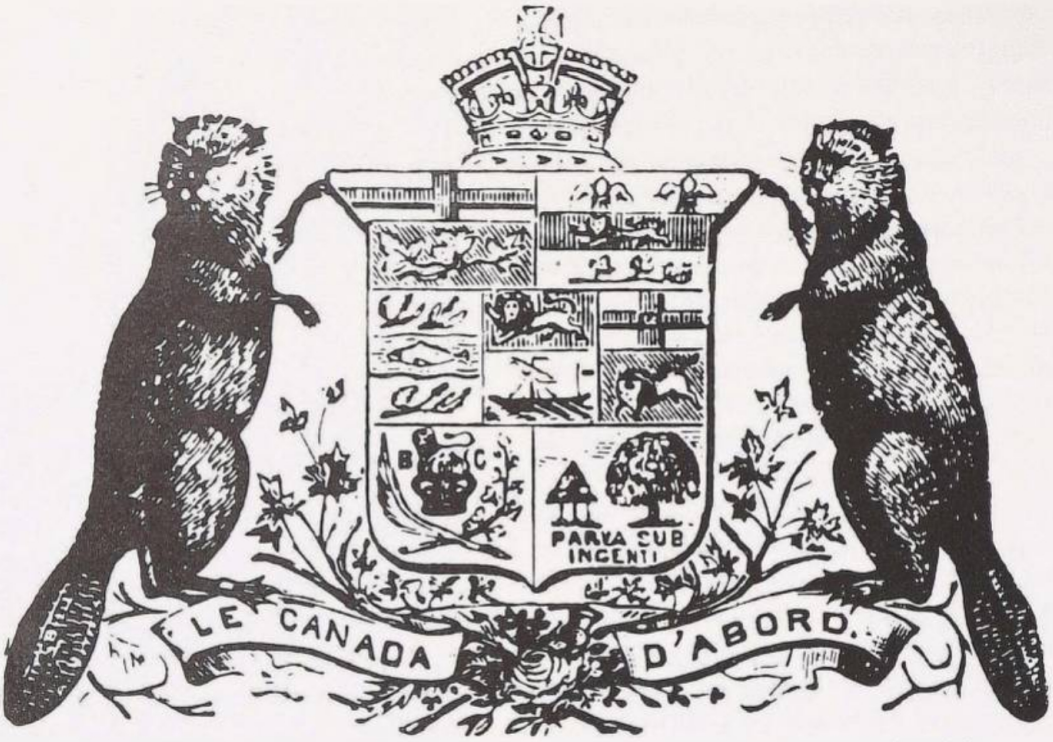


"Mother Canada", a beaver, maple leaves, flags and provincial arms adorn this celebration of the tenth anniversary of Confederation which appeared in the "Canadian Illustrated News" in June 1877.

Director of Ceremonial and Protocol. Here are two paragraphs from his letter:

> There are no governmental regulations concerning the treatment of the anthem or the behavior of Canadian citizens when the anthem is played. However, I am of the opinion that it is an unusual procedure for those at the head table to turn their backs on the company in order to face the wall on which the flag appears; this is never done at official functions. It is, of course, a case in which individuals and organizations decide on their own procedure, but it seems to me that the singing of the national anthem is a gesture in itself, which has nothing to do with the presence of a flag in a room.
>
> The position of the right hand on the chest is indeed a distinctly American custom when singing their national anthem. It has been customary for Canadians to stand upright, head straight and arms along the body; this position should also be assumed for the playing and singing of the national anthems of other countries.

Americans face their flag and salute it when their national anthem is played. Those in uniform give the military salute: headdress is not necessary for the hand-salute, as it is with our military. Those not in uniform remove their hats, if wearing them, with the right hand and hold them at the left shoulder. Men without hats place the flat hand just below the left shoulder. Women



A manifestation of Canadian patriotism, late nineteenth century, featuring beavers, provincial arms and maple leaves.

salute by placing the flat right hand over the heart. And, as one official document gives it, "Aliens should stand at attention." The U.S. Flag Code is a document of astonishing thoroughness: it takes a page-and-a-quarter in *The Encyclopedia Americana*.

I do not think we Canadians need such a code. Nor should we adopt what for us are alien practices in the ritualistic reverencing of the flag.

We have no official rules about these things, but we do have a few accepted customs and points of etiquette. With us the National Flag is always senior. The Royal Flag — the Union Jack, that is — is flown second to it on Commonwealth occasions, such as Victoria Day and the anniversary of the coming of dominion status by the signing of the Statute of Westminster which, let us pretend we remember, took place on 11 December 1931. (That statute stipulated that no law of the United Kingdom applies in a dominion unless it requests that is does.) At other times the provincial flags have second place.

The flying of the Union Jack by itself is not unlawful, not even mildly sinful — although some of us consider that to be in slightly bad taste. The Canadian Red Ensign is no longer an officially recognized flag.

Dr. George F. G. Stanley, the historian who suggested the design of the flag, in his book, *The Story of Canada's Flag*, said this: "The use of foreign flags by the general public in Canada is a practice that should be discouraged." Ah, yes — especially when the flying of such flags is done for purely commercial reasons.

I have come to think that non-governmental organizations should generally try to follow the official protocol, such as it is. If they do not we will have increasing confusion, even some distress, in the uses of our flag and our anthem.

We have now had the maple leaf flag longer as our official National Flag than we had the Red Ensign as a semi-official one. Most of us have come to accept it, to accept it warmly, to accept it as a major symbol of our nationhood.

And many of us, even the older among us, know the changed words in the official English version of *O Canada*. I cannot always readily bring them to lip, but my grandchildren can. Perhaps that's the way things should now be in Canada. ♦

Dr. Davidson, a retired minister of the United Church of Canada, lives in Victoria, B.C.

The Strange Death of the Duke of Richmond

His Grace survived Waterloo, but a bizarre fate awaited him in the backwoods of pioneer Upper Canada

By GEORGE E. McELROY

This is a story of the birth of a pioneer military settlement in the wilderness of Upper Canada which was named in honour of an English duke and how that same duke died a violent and tragic death there.

On the morning of 20 August 1819, Charles Lennox, Fourth Duke of Richmond and Lennox, Governor General of Canada, was seized by a fit brought on by hydrophobia and died in a rude log settler's shanty about a mile from the settlement which had been named Richmond in his honour. It was a cruel, abrupt ending for a man who had attracted an exceptional amount of public interest. This was the man who, as a young captain in the Coldstream Guards, had challenged his commanding officer to a duel. His CO was none other than the Duke of York, a son of George III. The duel was fought on 25 May 1789, on Wimbleton Common. On the command, "Fire", Lennox hastily pulled the trigger and his bullet grazed his opponent's head. The Duke of York held his fire but Lennox insisted that "he take his shot and be damned!" His Royal Highness fired his weapon into the air.

After serving as a member of the British House of Commons from 1790 to 1806 and as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 to 1813, the Duke of Richmond and his family were in Brussels in 1815. There, on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, he and the duchess held a lavish banquet and ball to which every principal officer in the Duke of Wellington's army was invited. This glittering event was destined to become one of the most famous balls in history, remembered in Lord Byron's poem:

> There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
> Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

The following morning many of those "brave men" died only a few miles away in one of the bloodiest battles in modern history. The Duke of Richmond was in the thick of it dressed in civilian clothes and waving his beaver hat as he charged up the Wavre Road with the Inniskilling Dragoons under fire from French batteries.

In 1818, the Duke was appointed Governor General of Canada and embarked on the British warship *Iphigenia* to take up his new position. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Sir Peregrine Maitland (the new Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada) and his daughter, Lady Sarah Lennox who was Sir Peregrine's wife. The vice-regal party also included five others of the Duke's family of seven sons and seven daughters. Her Grace the Duchess had decided to remain in England.

On 29 July 1818 HMS *Iphigenia* reached her berth at Quebec and saluted the Citadel with a broadside. Guns from the ramparts thundered their reply and crowds of curious onlookers quickly gathered. The arrival of a Royal Navy three-decker was always certain to attract an audience but, in this case, word had quickly spread that the new Governor General was on board. Among those who watched were some four hundred officers, other ranks and their families. They were on board a fleet of batteaux which had been assembled at Quebec to carry them to Upper Canada where they planned to begin a new life as settlers. Colonel (Brevet Major) George T. Burke, late of the 100th Prince Regent's Royal Regiment of Foot and recently appointed Secretary Superintendent of the new settlement, at once called a meeting of all his officers and it was then and there unanimously decided to name the community they planned to create in honour of the new Governor General. Thus Richmond was named before any of its inhabitants-to-be had even seen the place.

The home government's plan to establish the settlement was part of a much larger development. After

National Archives of Canada

Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond.

the War of 1812-1814, it was decided to provide a secure supply and communication route between Montreal and the Great Lakes as an alternative to the vulnerable and exposed St. Lawrence River route. No less a person than the Duke of Wellington first suggested that it should be possible to use the Ottawa River from Montreal westward to the site of present-day Ottawa and, from there, construct a canal system based on the Rideau River, Rideau Lakes and the Cataraqui River to Kingston on Lake Ontario. But before such a canal system could be built and put into operation, it was necessary to open up the wilderness to settlement. Survey teams were sent out and the area, referred to as "the Rideau Settlements", was surveyed into townships with several sites being selected for use as depots.

An essential prerequisite for this plan was that the settlers be of proven loyalty to the Crown and capable of defending themselves as well as the proposed waterway. The government, therefore, decided to call for volunteers from among the soldiers and their dependents who belonged to regiments no longer needed for duty in Canada. Many of these regiments were about to be disbanded or amalgamated.

The offer made was a generous one. Each private soldier who volunteered was to receive a land grant of one hundred acres; sergeants were to get two hundred; lieutenants, four hundred; and captains, eight hundred. Transportation to the Rideau Settlements was to be provided and, in addition to their pensions of from sixpence to a shilling per day as out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital in England, they were to receive their regular allowance of army rations for the first twelve months of their settlement. Officer volunteers would be kept on the military establishment at half pay. The home government also promised to provide all necessary tools and equipment and to send out and pay the wages of a civilian schoolmaster. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts promised to send out a clergyman.

The first of these soldier settlements was established at Perth but, in 1816, Colonel Francis Cockburn, the officer responsible for the programme, recommended to Sir John Sherbrooke, then Governor General, that another depot be created. The site he selected was on the Jock River which runs through the southern part of the township of Goulbourn and empties into the Rideau only a few miles from the Ottawa River.

The regiment selected to form the nucleus of the new settlement was the 99th Foot which had recently been amalgamated with the 100th Prince Regent's Royal Regiment of Foot. Both regiments had seen long, hard service during the War of 1812 along the Niagara frontier, at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Amherstburg and on the River Thames, the Richelieu River, Isle aux Noix and Lake Champlain. When its successor, the 100th Prince of Wales, Royal Canadians, was organized in Canada in 1858, it was given the right to emblazon the battle honour "Niagara" on its regimental colour.

Soon after naming their settlement, the Richmond settlers embarked and the flotilla of batteaux began struggling against the powerful St. Lawrence River currents. The boats were all crewed by French Canadian rivermen but the ex-soldiers also took their turns at the sweeps as they glided past Sillery, Wolfe's Cove, Cap Rouge and then on to Three Rivers.

At Montreal, a landing was made near the very spot where Maisonneuve had landed some one hundred and seventy-six years earlier. From there, the settlers marched to Lachine. There, they again embarked for Ste. Anne de Bellevue and the Ottawa River. They continued on through the Lake of Two Mountains until they reached the Chute à Blondeau rapids near the site where Dollard des Ormeaux, the hero of the Long Sault and his comrades, made a gallant stand against the Iroquois in defence of Montreal in 1660. After portaging the rapids, they again embarked on the Ottawa for the final stage of their journey. Not far upriver from the bluff now known as Parliament Hill, they landed at the foot of the Chaudière Falls at a spot they named Richmond Landing. Here, they pitched their tents and erected huts to provide temporary shelter for the several hundred wives and children.

The next task was to build a road through the thick forest to the site the authorities had decided upon for the settlement. The route selected followed the high ground bordering the Ottawa River to Bell's Corners and then branched off in a southwesterly direction to the Jock River where a man named Chapman had already begun to homestead. From Chapman's, the site chosen for the village was about three miles upstream. The distance from Richmond Landing to Richmond was about twenty miles. Clearing a roadway through this wilderness, bridging streams, draining swamps, filling in bogs and building stretches of corduroy road was a prodigious task. Most of the back-breaking labour was done by the ex-soldiers although a small group of French-speaking habitants and a few spans of oxen were hired out from Philomen Wright's settlement on the north shore of the Ottawa River. It was already late in August and, after the road was completed, cabins still had to be built before winter set in if at all possible. To paraphrase the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo, it would be a "damned close-run thing".

Winter came early that year and it was a severe one. By Christmas most of the families had been moved from under canvas into their new homes. Nevertheless, the hardships of that first winter were almost unendurable. One unfortunate settler, in making the trip from Richmond Landing, was caught in a blizzard and froze to death. But the coming of spring and a spell of fine weather brought new hope. Farm land was cleared, crops were planted, new settlers arrived and work was soon well under way to fulfill Colonel Burke's ambitious plans for the community. The colonel envisaged Richmond becoming a great town and planned it accordingly. The village was laid out in a parallelogram of about 1600 acres with at least 16 streets. Six acres were allotted as a public park and there were grants of two, four and six acres each for parsonages, churches and graveyards to each of the established churches (Anglican, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic). Major Ormsby, Commissary Officer and Magistrate, performed marriages before there were any clergy available and Sergeant Garrett Fitzgerald became the first schoolmaster. Captain George Lyon

The building that formerly housed Andrew and Maria Hill's Masonic Coat of Arms Tavern, where the Duke of Richmond hosted a dinner on the night before his death. The wing at the left was added in 1819 and the tavern was renamed The Duke of Richmond Arms. This photograph was taken later in the century when the building was used as a store and dwelling by Patrick McElroy. It was demolished about 1900.

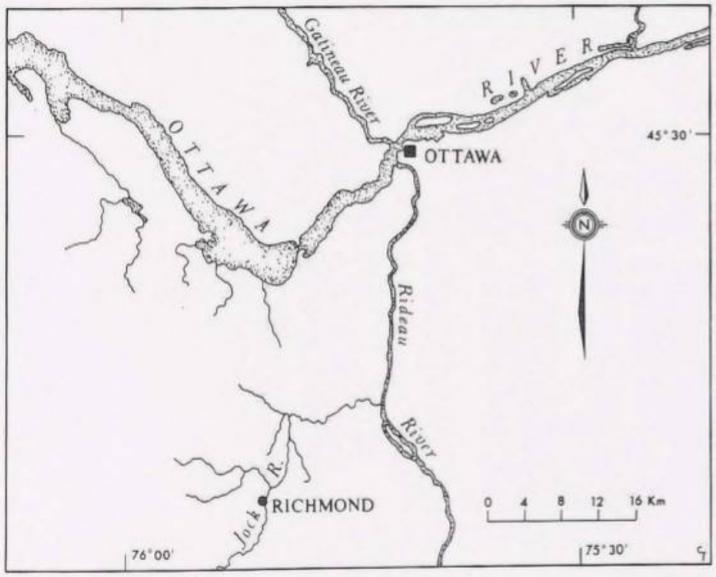
opened a store and made plans to dam the Jock and build saw and grist mills. Colour Sergeant Henry McElroy, in partnership with his son Patrick, also set up as general merchants and Sergeant Major Andrew Hill became the proprietor of the first public house which he named "The Masonic Coat of Arms Tavern". Many Richmond settlers belonged to the Masonic Order; indeed, the Duke of Richmond himself was a member of the Craft.

Late in the summer of 1819 a message reached Richmond stating that the Governor General intended to honour the settlement with a visit. He had been on a tour of communities bordering the Great Lakes and on his return journey to Quebec had decided to branch off the St. Lawrence route and visit the place which had been named in his honour. As might be expected, this news caused widespread excitement and anticipation but as that began to wear off, not a few settlers began to wonder what so grand a personage would think of the stumps and mud holes in the streets and the primitive, unfinished buildings. A local poet was inspired to write:

Say; what said Richmond's Duke to Colonel C. . . .?
Cockburn! A miserable hole is this, by G. . .!
A miserable hole to christen after me;
What will be thought on't by posterity?

The Governor General left Kingston about the middle of August and, accompanied by two aides, travelled on foot to Perth which he reached on the 17th. The next morning, even though His Grace was feeling far from well, they started out following the blazed trail to Richmond, some thirty miles away. The going proved difficult for, despite the lateness of the season, there was still a lot of water in the swamps. Eventually, at about midnight on the 18th, they reached the homestead of Sergeant Vaughan about three miles west of the village. Here His Grace remained while the two aides pressed on through an intervening swamp to notify the villagers of the Duke's arrival.

Whenever water was poured into glasses he 'twitched and jumped as though in pain'



Early next morning an enthusiastic, volunteer work party collected a supply of planks and timbers and improvised a series of foot bridges through the worst part of the swamp. They met the Duke at Sergeant Vaughan's place and escorted him triumphantly back to the village where he was comfortably lodged at Sergeant Major Hill's Masonic Coat of Arms Tavern. His Grace spent the afternoon inspecting the settlement and fraternizing with its inhabitants. In the evening, he gave a dinner party at the tavern to which all the community leaders, including half-pay officers from Perth and the neighbouring township were invited. The preparation of this banquet was shouldered by Sergeant Major Hill's wife, Maria, but no doubt she received willing assistance from all of the other soldiers' wives. During the course of the dinner the neighbouring township was named "March" in honour of the Duke's nephew, the Earl of March. Also at the dinner, signs of His Grace's fatal ailment were noticed. Whenever water was poured into glasses, he "twitched and jumped as though in pain". As the evening wore on, his condition worsened and he was finally forced to retire to his quarters. Doctor Collis, a half-pay surgeon from the 6th Foot, attempted to treat him but His Grace refused to take any medicine and restlessly paced the floor of his bedroom throughout the rest of the night. Early next morning, his suffering appeared to ease somewhat and he was able to take some refreshment.

There are two versions of how the Duke contracted hydrophobia. His son, Lord William Pitt Lennox, believed it resulted from the bite of a rabid pet fox during a visit to Sorel on the south bank of the St. Lawrence. He describes the event in his *Recollections* as follows: "One of the soldiers in attendance had brought with him a pet fox and Captain Fitzroy, a bull terrier, and the dog was permitted to worry the other animal till, on landing at Fort Henry, the latter had become in a highly excited state. According to a circumstantial account by an officer present, the Governor-General was on the point of mounting his horse to inspect the garrison, when the fox, then in the courtyard of the Commandant's quarter, attracted his attention and he stopped to play with it. As His Grace

was patting its head, he snapped at his hand biting him slightly. 'You'll bite, will you, you rascal!' cried the Duke shaking him by the ear. Instantly, the brute seized him near the lower joint of the thumb, making his teeth meet in the flesh. It has been affirmed that the wound was a severe one and bled profusely. I, however, am inclined to think it was not regarded at the time as of any consequence. When His Grace arrived at Kingston the wound had completely healed."

The Duke himself, however, believed he had become infected from a dog bite received at Quebec and said so in a letter dictated on his deathbed.

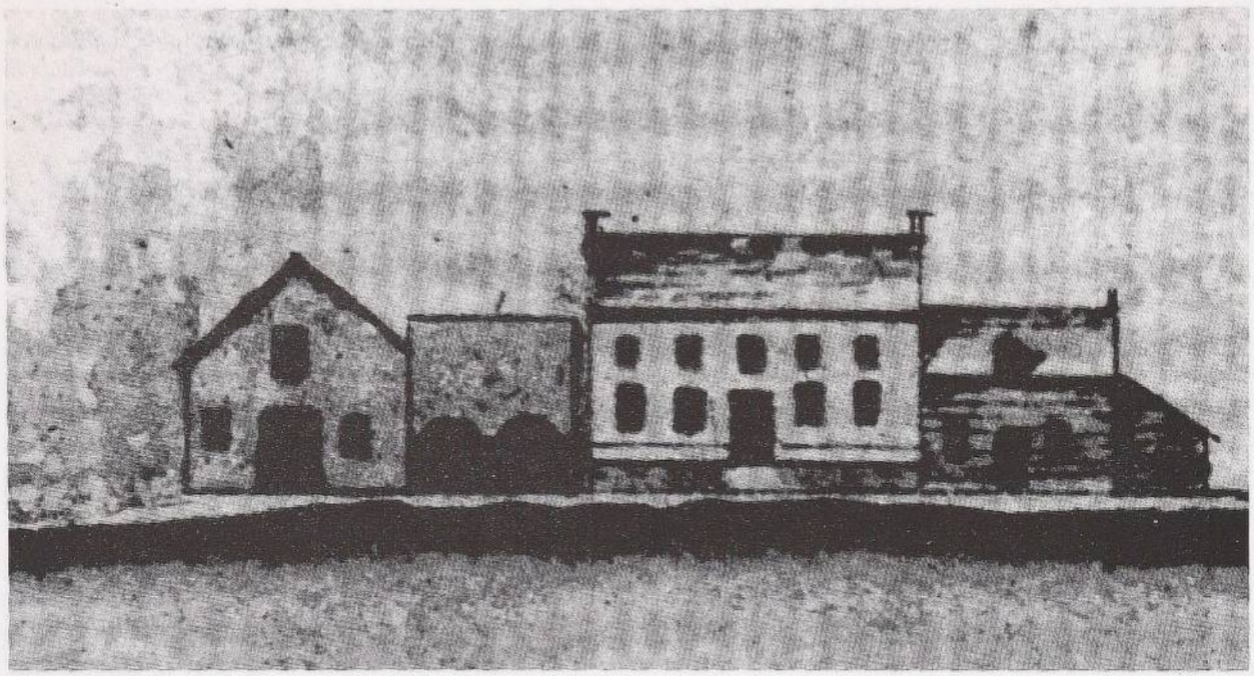
The Duke planned to reach Hull on the Ottawa River sometime on 20 August and to travel from there by boat to Montreal and then to Quebec. After making a poor attempt to eat at least part of the substantial breakfast prepared for him by Maria Hill, His Grace and his aides started out on the next leg of their journey. A short distance from the tavern, they embarked in a small boat provided by Colonel Burke to take them downriver to Chapman's where the still uncompleted Richmond Road ended. There a team of horses and wagon sent by Philomen Wright was waiting to take them to Richmond Landing.

According to the *Carleton County Historical Atlas* (1879): "On pushing out into the steam, his last night's nervousness returned and, by the time they had got one mile down the Goodwood [another name for the Jock River], he had become unmanageable and jumped ashore."

He then ran for about two miles through the forest and soon outdistanced his aides who attempted to follow. Later, they discovered him in the throes of a fit in the haymow of Chapman's barn. After they had managed to calm him somewhat, he was moved to the nearby cabin and made as comfortable as possible. An urgent summons had already been sent for Doctor Collis who, as soon as he arrived, proceeded to bleed the patient. In those days this was the standard medical treatment for almost every disorder. It had no beneficial effects and the Duke's condition worsened.

Charles Cambridge, a member of the vice-regal party, described the event some months later in a letter to the Earl of Bathurst as follows: "Whilst in this miserable log hut, Reason occasionally resumed her Empire, and His Grace accordingly availed himself of these lucid intervals to address a Letter to Lady Mary Lennox (one of the Duke's daughters) in which he reminded her that a favourite Dog belonging to the household being in a room at the Castle of St. Louis at a time (5 months earlier) when the Duke shaving cut his Chin, the Dog was lifted up in order to lick the wound, when the Animal *bit His Grace's Chin.*

"But the recollection of this circumstance gave His Grace but too sure a presentiment, the Dog having subsequently been found to be mad, of the approaching fate. And His Grace therefore in his letter to Lady Mary expressed his conviction ... that his disorder was hydrophobia."



National Archives of Canada

Buildings at Richmond Landing in 1830, from a sketch attributed to John By. At least one of the buildings in the drawing is thought to have existed at the time of the Duke of Richmond's visit in 1819.

The Duke died soon afterwards and Mrs. Hill was given the task of laying out the body and preparing it for its long journey to Quebec for burial. Maria Hill, a true soldier's wife, had wide experience assisting surgeons, nursing wounded and comforting the dying but this was her first encounter with the corpse of a duke. Nevertheless, she made short work of the task. For a shroud, she used a beautifully quilted bed cover the Duke always carried when travelling. The body was then placed in a plain deal box and dispatched to Richmond Landing in the wagon provided by Squire Wright.

At Richmond Landing, the body was taken aboard a boat and, after a two-week journey down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, finally arrived at Quebec. There it was buried with "great pomp and ceremony" in the Protestant cathedral on 4 September 1819. Before interment, the Duke's heart was removed from his body, placed in a silver casket and sent home to England.

The Richmond settlers never forgot the Duke's memorable visit and its tragic ending. Andrew and Maria Hill added a wing to their tavern and re-named it "The Duke of Richmond Arms". Years later, the building was purchased by Patrick McElroy, General Merchant, and used both as a dwelling and place of business. My father often told the story of how he had been born in the building where the Duke had hosted the banquet the night before his death. About the turn of the century, the building was torn down and its materials used for other structures.

Richmond never fulfilled Colonel Burke's grandiose plans for its future and was soon eclipsed by Bytown (now Ottawa) once the Rideau Canal was completed. After 171 years of settlement it is still just a village. The name and a historical marker and plaque at Chapman's Landing are the only reminders of the Governor General who died with his boots on. ♦

George E. McElroy lives in Oakville, Ontario. He writes that his article is based on information contained in McElroy family papers, in the "Carleton County Historical Atlas" (1879) and other sources. There is disagreement about the actual date of the Duke of Richmond's death. The "Dictionary of Canadian Biography", for example, gives 28 August. "I am certain," George E. McElroy writes, "that it was 20 August 1819. My great-great-grandfather, Colour Sergeant Henry McElroy, 37th Foot, who was there at the time, noted the event on that date in a daily journal he kept. Unfortunately, this journal was destroyed in a fire in the 1920s."

The Duke of Richmond at Waterloo

The field at Waterloo, one of the most blood-soaked in modern warfare, was visited by numerous non-combatants on sight-seeing expeditions, even at the height of the battle. One of the most enthusiastic of these visitors to the battlefield was Charles Lennox, Fourth Duke of Richmond and Lennox, who had settled at Brussels, for reasons of economy, after his term as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland came to an end in 1813.

The duke found himself in the centre of events when allied armies began to muster near the Belgian city in 1815 in response to a new threat from the Emperor Napoleon I who had escaped from exile on the island of Elba.

A memory has come down to us of Wellington at Brussels on his chestnut Copenhagen, attended by his old friend the Duke of Richmond, closely followed by Richmond's teenaged son Lord William Lennox, who was eager to see his firt battle.

At noon on the day of battle an officer waiting with reserves just out of range of the guns that were pounding the British position at the farm of Hougoumont saw a remarkable sight, described by David Howarth in his book *A Near Run Thing: The Day of Waterloo* (Collins 1968): "While he was waiting, he was astonished to see a tall upright old gentleman, unarmed and in civilian clothes, who came galloping across his front, followed by two younger men, and vanished in the direction of the sounds of battle.

"This bizarre apparition was the Duke of Richmond, with his sixteen-year-old son and an attendant. Where he had come from at that moment in the bottom of the valley was to remain a mystery, but he spent most of the afternoon riding about the battlefield chatting to his friends and occasionally shouting encouragement to the troops. His son, Lord William Lennox, had his arm in a sling and a bandage over one eye, because he had broken his arm and destroyed the sight of the eye in a fall from his horse a few days before. Once, in the thick of the fight, the Duke complimented his son on his steadiness under fire. But the boy was less happy than he looked: he was desperately hoping that his horse would not disgrace him by bolting, and that if it did it would bolt away from the enemy, not towards them."

We get one more glimpse of Richmond at Waterloo in the moment when the Scots Greys, under Sir William Ponsonby, prepared to make their famous charge. As Ponsonby waved his hat and the colonel gave the order to charge a stentorian voice shouted "Now's your chance!" It was the Duke of Richmond. ♦

A Toronto Portrait, 1857

By R. Neil Matheson

It was a sunny day in early May, or perhaps in late April. A spring breeze occasionally lifted curtains in open windows and the view from the rooftop was excellent.

Scanning back from the harbour a side-wheeler was tied up at Dr. Ree's wharf, a chain of passenger cars stretched across the Northern Railway's Esplanade yards and an impressive carriage stood at the gate of Henry John Boulton's turreted mansion called "Holland House".

The sound of hammers, saws and loud talking might then have drawn your attention behind King Street's fashionable shops where workmen busied themselves constructing the Romains' Buildings. Unconcerned by the commotion, pedestrians two and three abreast passed surveyor J.G. Chewett's fine town house, Francis Perry's boarding house, G.O. DeLorme's grocery store and more than one tavern as they filed along York Street's plank sidewalks.

Meanwhile, around the corner on Boulton Street in the doorway of their one-storey clapboard cottage, laundress Elizabeth McCoy or housemaid Susan Welsh, lingered for a minute to enjoy the sunny spring day, or perhaps stopped to peer up at the strange men on the roof of the Rossin House Hotel. If so, then what they saw was explained by the newspaper the *British Colonist* on 12 May 1857.

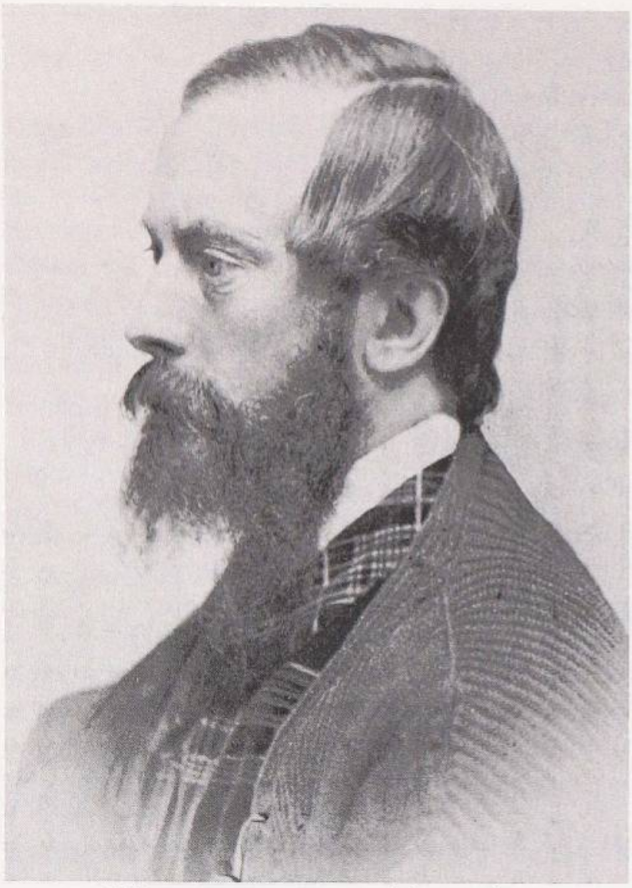
"We have been favoured by W. Armstrong, Esquire, with an opportunity of examining a series of photographic views executed by Messrs. Armstrong, Beere & Hime of the City of Toronto as seen from the top of the Rossin House. Nothing can be more curiously beautiful than these views, which form a complete panorama of the city..."

On that sunny spring day, William Armstrong, Daniel Beere and H.L. Hime "Engineers, Draughtsmen & Photographists" carried some 80 pounds of gear up the four storeys to the hotel roof at King and York streets. They shot a stunning 13-exposure horizon-to-horizon urban portrait for their collection. These pictures are the earliest known surviving photographs of the young city.

"If sent home, as we trust they will be," huffed the *British Colonist*, [the photos will] "materially assist Her Majesty the Queen in estimating the actual condition and importance of her good and faithful City of Toronto."

The editor's admiration for the pictures readily evokes an age when photography was still a technical novelty in Canada. The Panorama and twelve other street-level views of major thoroughfares and public buildings were indeed sent to Britain. But what Queen Victoria thought of the pictures or if she saw them at all is unknown.

For us, Armstrong, Beere and Hime's work spans time as gracefully as it did the Atlantic. Unlike most old photos which record a single building or some other nineteenth-century relic, the Toronto series provides a fuller sense of place. It builds in modern imaginations, just as it might have done for Victoria and her ministers, an unparalleled portrait of the colonial city's right-angle weave of three-storey streetscapes and its church spire skyline. It is an early Victorian curiosity: a unique and archaic view of a Toronto long since lost to progress.



Metropolitan Toronto Library

William Armstrong, painter and photographer.

The area depicted in the Panorama is now dominated by bank towers and, of the numerous landmark buildings readily distinguishable in the Panorama, today only eight remain. And it is not only the streetscape that has changed. The physical environment as well has been transformed beyond recognition. Successive landfill operations have pushed the water back and much of what was harbour in 1857 is today the site of Harbourfront, the Gardiner Expressway, the Sky Dome and the C.N. Tower. Even today's Toronto Island was then a peninsula. The storm which washed away the city's sandy land bridge to Toronto's islands was still a year away. It is a view which might have remained lost had it not been for the city's sesquicentennial.

The photographs were filed for over a century in the archives of the Colonial Office in London. They were re-discovered there less than a decade ago and in 1984 the British government made reproductions of them England's gift to Toronto for the city's 150th birthday. The story behind the photos and photographers is itself a fascinating footnote in the city's history. But, what was life like in Toronto in the spring of 1857 and what remains of that city? With the Panorama we can take a visual tour.

The city in Armstrong's camera was the mercantile centre of Canada West. Toronto was young. It it had only been designated a city in 1834 and permanent settlement had only begun about 45 years before that. In 1857, it was well on its way to the figure of 44,000 people reached in the census of 1861.

Toronto was divided into seven wards named for saints: George, Andrew, David, Patrick, Lawrence, John and James. The developed area of the city fit into a roughly 4-square-mile area which stretched from the Don River, west to Bathurst Street and to Gerrard Street in the north. It was a distance which one could easily walk, but there was no need. Cabs were available for those with the money and horsedrawn omnibuses trolled major streets for those with less. The city's first street railway, again horsedrawn and running up Yonge Street, was another four years away.

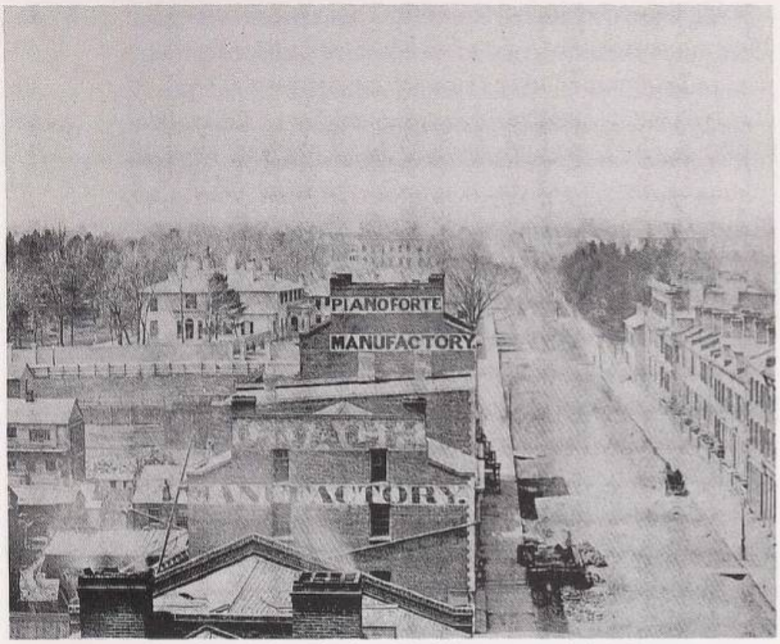
York Mills, Islington, and West Hill, now well within the Metropolitan area, were then all quiet farming communities far from the city's outskirts. Today's downtown Yorkville, at the then distant corner of Yonge and Bloor streets was Toronto's first suburb. In the spring of 1857, times were good in Toronto.

Since 1850 Toronto's economy had boomed. Though shaky on its dates, the City Directory for 1856 captured the exuberant mood of the times. "Eight short years truly, but ninety-six months of constant progressive, steady, increase and actual material prosperity, seldom, if ever (but with one exception, Chicago) equalled in the history of any country in either ancient or modern times." Part of the reason for this growth was the strong global economic picture of those years, but, there were local reasons for optimism too.

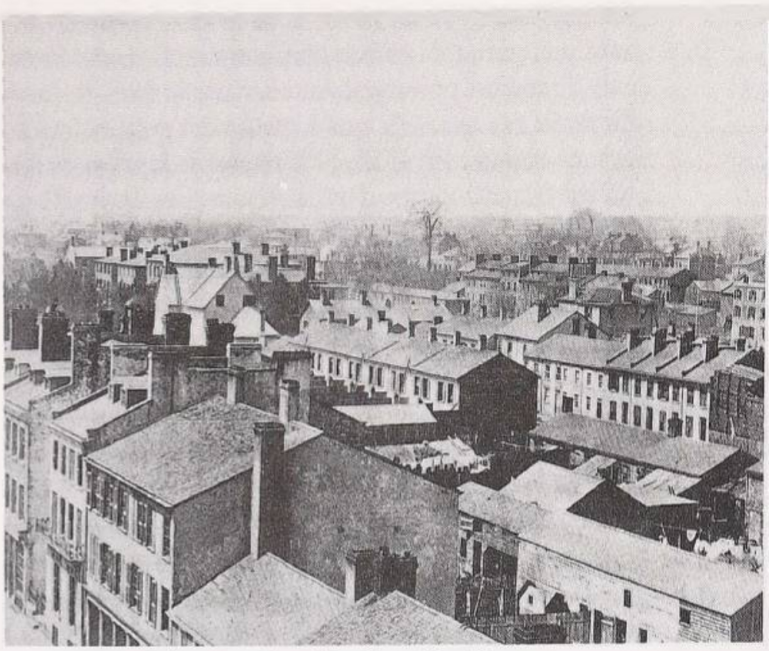
"Toronto," said the 1856 Directory, "from its favourable geographical position and peculiarly valuable natural advantages has become the most rapidly advancing and increasing of Canadian Cities, preeminently the Queen City of the West, and (if not now, early) the chief commercial city of the province." That meant Canada East and West, and it was a bold statement because it included arch-rival Montreal.

In 1857, Montreal was the Canadas' leading urban centre, but Torontonians felt they could afford to be patient. Their city was the gateway to "the vast British possessions" in the Hudson's Bay Company territories in the West. In 1857, settlement at the Red River was established, but little else. To civic boosters in Toronto, the West was a mammoth empty empire, just waiting to be peopled. Their future may have been assured, but in 1857 Toronto's economic vigour had more to do with Britain's decision to repeal the Navigation Act and Corn Laws eight years earlier.

The Navigation Act had required that exports to Britain be transported in British-owned ships and the Corn Laws placed high tariffs on foreign grain. That made Montreal, with its access to the Atlantic Ocean, the chief port of the Canadas. Out from under these restrictions after 1849, suddenly Toronto could begin to compete with Montreal as a shipping centre. As historian J.M.S. Careless has shown, after 1849, pro-



1. King Street West. The fenced building at upper left is Government House.



2. A view over the housetops from King Street West. The camera looks toward Boulton, Adelaide and Simcoe streets. Buildings in view include Upper Canada College (middle left) and Bishop's Block (upper right).

duce from the midwestern United States and from Canada West began to flow through Toronto on its way to a new Atlantic port: New York City. In the years following the change Toronto's import figures soared as well. But there is little to be seen of Toronto's business district in the Panorama.

Geographers Gunter Gad and Deryck Holdsworth have located Toronto's banking and mercantile sections in the 1850s in an area bounded by King, Bay, Front and Jarvis streets. These streets were somewhat east of the Rossin House and only a few of the buildings on the fringes of the area stand out above their neighbours: the Commercial Bank of the Midland District and the warehouse of clothing importer Thomas Lailey on Wellington Street, the Customs House at the foot of Yonge Street, and the warehouse of dry goods wholesalers Ross, Mitchell & Co. at Yonge and Colborne streets are a few examples.

Toronto's merchants were leaders of the business community and paced the city's development for three decades after the photos were taken. Even Mayor John Hutchison owned a wholesale company. William Armstrong, whose own office was in the area, had other concerns guiding his composition.

Instead, he perched his camera in "New Town", the city's rapidly growing west end, at the southeast corner of King and York streets, the gateway to the fashionable shops along King. Development in New Town began in the 1830s, but the oldest part of the city, Lieutenant-Governor John Graves Simcoe's original settlement, was located beyond the commercial district, well to the east of the Rossin House, in a small ten-block area bounded by today's George, Berkeley, Adelaide and Front streets. Though the city's centre had already begun to shift west by 1857, most important public buildings were in and around the precincts of the old town.

The City Hall, St. James' Cathedral, St. Lawrence Hall, the City Market, the York County Courthouse, the Mechanics' Institute and St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church are all only partially visible in the Panorama where their upper storeys rise above neighbouring structures. It was about 12 acres of this part of the city which burned in Toronto's first great fire in 1849.

Fire was a constant threat in the city where many of the structures were made of wood, hydrants were few and where water pressure from the privately-owned water works was weak. St. James' Cathedral and the two blocks east of the church were destroyed in the fire which started early on a Saturday morning in some rundown out-buildings. The fire raged largely uncontrolled for hours and homes, commercial buildings and the offices of the *Mirror* and the *Patriot* newspapers were lost in the conflagration. A timely rainshower and help from the soldiers of Fort York finally put an end to the blaze. The spire-less St. James' Cathedral in the Panorama is the fourth building of that name on the site. It was designed by architect Frederick Cumberland to replace the one destroyed in the fire. The tower was not completed until 1873.

Toronto's wide streets gave the city an advantage fighting fires enjoyed by few European cities. Still, just months before the Panorama was taken, a fire across the street from the Rossin House at Joseph Clarke's "Temperance Saloon" had threatened to destroy the hotel as well. Flames from the tavern leapt across the street setting the unfinished structure alight twice. Fortunately, firemen were able to save the hos-

telry, considered "second to none in the Province", by dousing the flames before they got out of hand. It was only a temporary victory. Another fire in 1862 burned the hotel to a shell. It was a three-year wait before it opened again. In 1856, the *Globe* campaigned for legislation protecting property owners who they claimed, " . . .were at the mercy of any one who chooses to erect an inexpensive shanty, which in case of fire, may jeopardize the property of a whole neighborhood". Building structures with wood was eventually prohibited in the city.

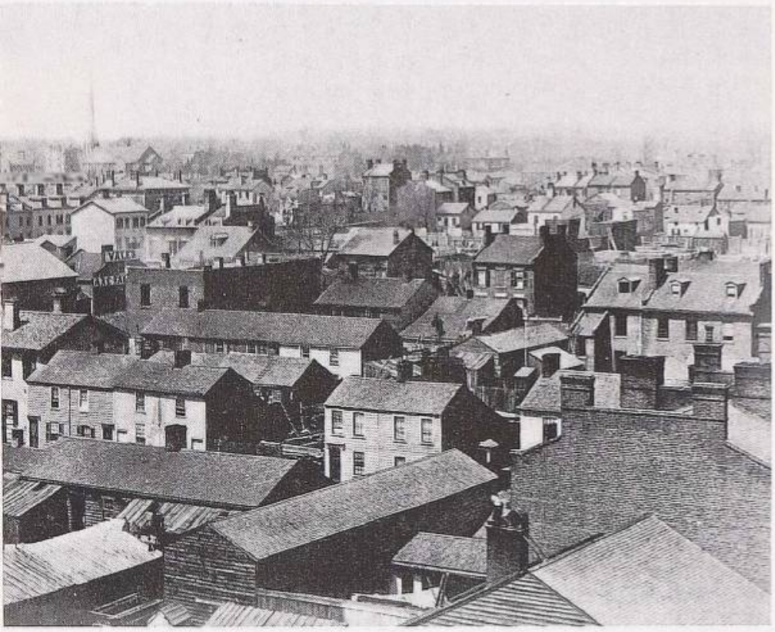
Though the camera doesn't lie, it may not tell the whole truth either. If you look for evidence of the fires which occurred in Toronto in the months before the Panorama was taken, you will find that Armstrong was careful to ensure that damaged buildings were too close to be included in the exposures, too far away to be noticeable or left out altogether in the areas between the shots. That might account for some of the more jarring gaps between the exposures, but it wasn't that the area destroyed by the great fire was deemed unpresentable that decided the photographers on the New Town site. Historian Frederick Armstrong's studies of the Great Fire of 1849 and its aftermath show that the damage was quickly repaired in the late 1840s. Then why choose New Town?

Armstrong and his colleagues picked the site to show some of Toronto's most impressive structures: Government House, the Governor-General's official residence; Upper Canada College, the colony's prestigious boys' school; the Parliament Buildings; the Law Society of Upper Canada's building, Osgoode Hall; King Street itself, then considered Toronto's "Regent Street"; and many of the mansions of the wealthy and prominent were in view.

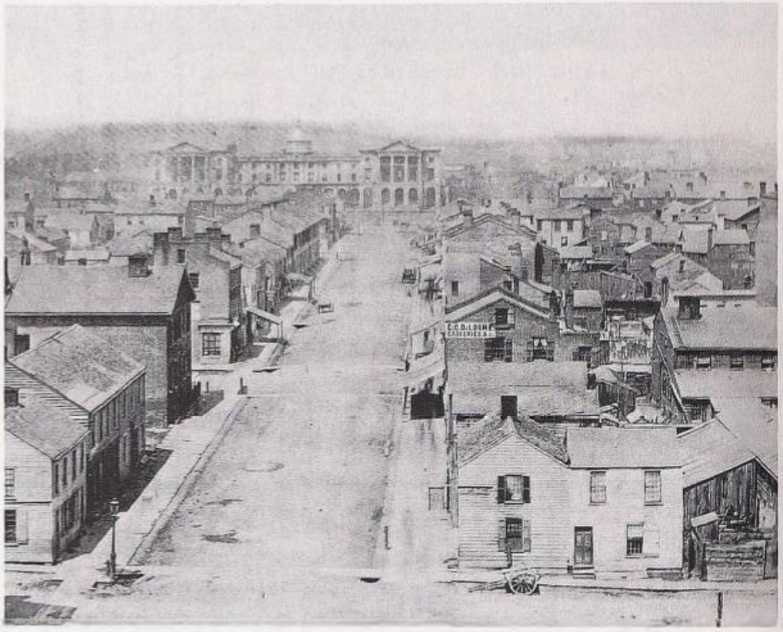
Holland House, the home of barrister Henry John Boulton; J.G. Chewett's house, Robert Baldwin's town house at the foot of Bay Street, and William Cawthra's mansion just up the road at the corner of King Street all helped make "New Town" a fine address. But, it seems most likely that what dictated the choice was the chance of showing off Toronto's railroads.

The city was a growing railway hub in the 1850s and as it developed as a railroad centre, its economic empire developed as well. The Oshawa, Simcoe & Huron, the Grand Trunk and the Great Western lines all reached Toronto in the 1850s, and they extended the city's influence over southwestern Ontario and forged new links with the midwest. The railroads were a huge practical benefit and an immense source of pride for the community. The 1856 Directory claimed the city's economic growth was no less than "a magnificent example of the sturdy, business and energetic habits of the people of Western Canada". The creation of the railroads meant the development of industry.

The Toronto Iron Works, James Good's Locomotive Works, the Gooderham & Worts' Distillery, and the Jacques & Hay Furniture Factory were among the city's earliest industrial concerns. They each employed between 50 and 200 hands and posed a revolutionary departure from the small cottage shops which were still dominant in the city. The railroad brought Toronto its first industry and the lakeside tracks brought about New Town's fall from graciousness.



3. Looking toward Boulton Street, Adelaide Street West and Simcoe Street, the camera captures a distant prospect of St. George-the-Martyr Church (upper left).



4. Looking north along York Street, the camera has a clear view of Osgoode Hall. Boulton Street runs across the foreground. Passersby on the sidewalks are seen as ghostly blurs.

Concerns about the ease of trans-shipping goods drew the rail lines and then the industries to the waterfront. During the next decade, wharves, warehouses, rail yards and factories congested the area, spoiling the view and the tranquil environment and ultimately ending the era of the harbourview mansions. The photographs show the first step in this process, the strip of harbour landfill which created the street called The Esplanade. Toronto's wealthy abandoned the waterfront over the next twenty years moving north to Jarvis, St. George and Beverley streets. Thanks to the Panorama's 360-degree view we see more than the mansions, we also see the humble homes in the working class neighbourhood called Macaulaytown.

Macaulaytown was named for Family Compact member Dr. James Macaulay, who had been granted one of the sixteen rectangular "parklot" properties which ran north to Bloor Street from a sixteenth of a mile of Queen Street frontage. Macaulay's property was on the west side of Yonge Street and he subdivided the valuable land, by the intersection with Queen Street, into small lots suitable for cheaper housing.

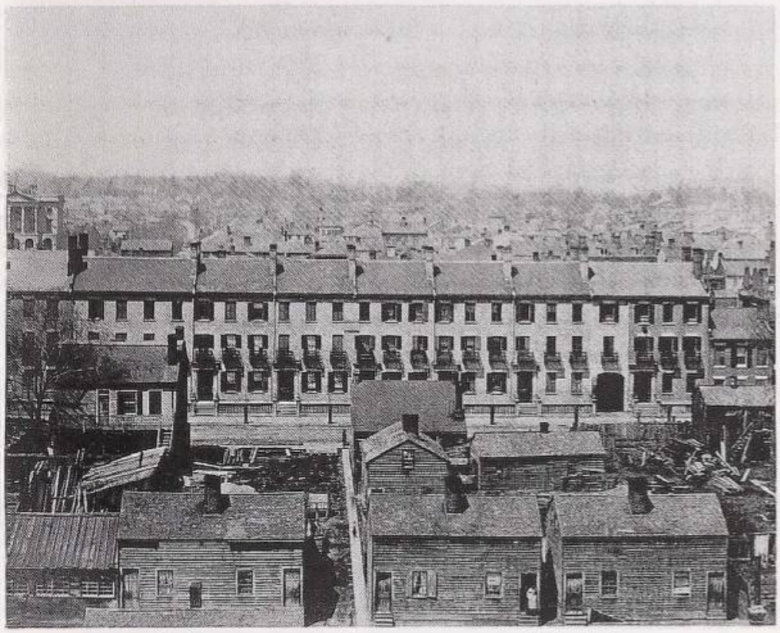
Small one- and two-storey cottages, made of wood, lathe and plaster or occasionally of brick, fill the streets in and around Macaulaytown. But "Ritchey's Terrace", an expensive group of all-brick Georgian town houses, stands close by. Likewise, the "Robinson House Hotel" at Bay and Richmond streets, remembered forty years later in Robertson's *Landmarks of Toronto* for its beautiful gardens and half-acre orchard, was just down the street from an ugly and combustible lumberyard.

Macaulaytown was also the neighbourhood of Toronto's sizeable black population. The city was the northern terminus of the "Underground Railroad", the secret network of Abolitionists who assisted escaped slaves on their way to freedom in British North America. Yet the size of the city's black population fell rapidly during the American Civil War when many ex-slaves joined the Union Army to defeat the Confederacy. Macaulaytown was a working class district, but there were worse sections of the city.

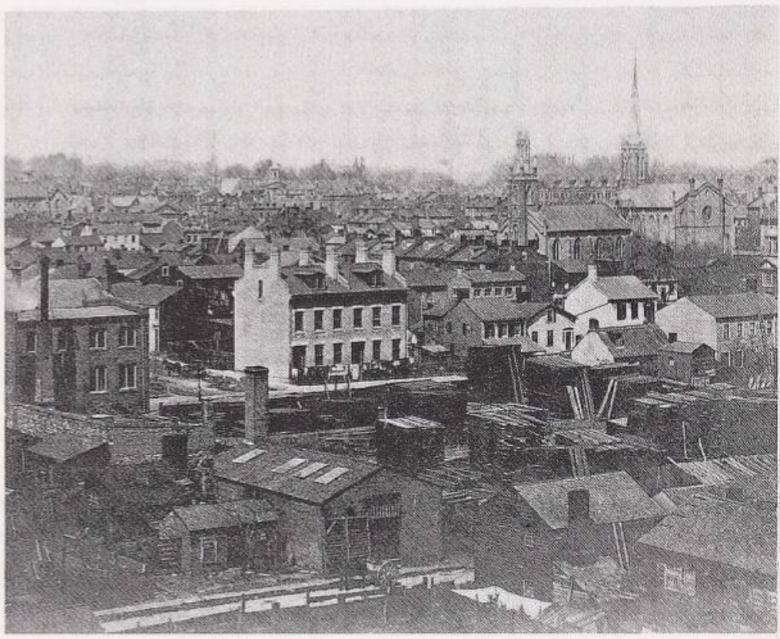
Cabbagetown, the growing slum in the east end, began to fill with the Irish Catholic immigrants who poured into Toronto in the late 1840s. The immigrants formed a ready pool of cheap labour and played a large part in Toronto's industrialization: building the city's rail lines and filling its few factories. Penniless and frequently ill upon their arrival, life could be very difficult for the immigrants in their adopted home.

Epidemics of typhus in 1847 and cholera in 1854 killed hundreds in Toronto and were severely felt among the recent immigrants. As J.M.S. Careless notes, Toronto had few health and social services to offer its citizens in the 1850s. Most of the work for the city's sick and needy was left to the earnest but inadequate efforts of the churches and a few benefactors. Dr. Michael Power, Toronto's Roman Catholic bishop, and hospital superintendent Dr. George Grassett both died with their patients in 1847.

Ironically, almost completely missing from the photos are the Torontonians themselves. The primitive collodion or wet plate photographic process used by Armstrong, Beere & Hime was a technological leap

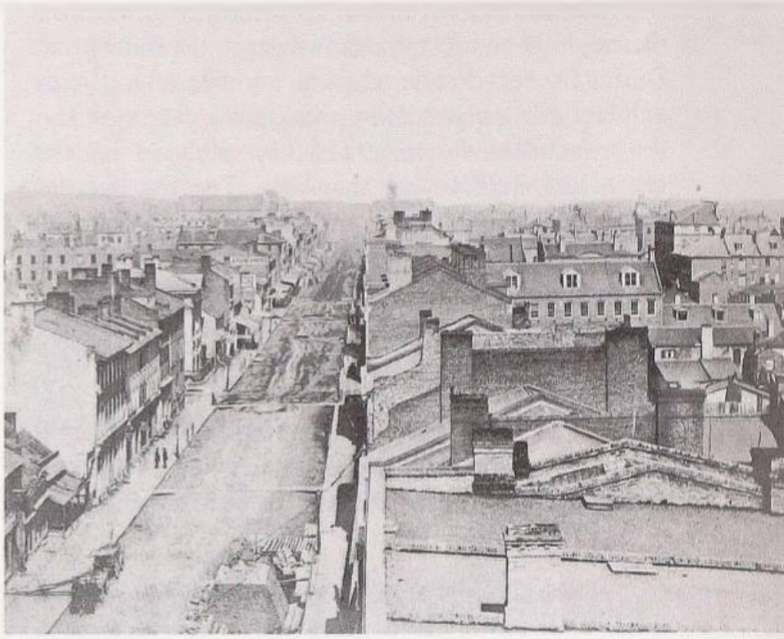


5. Still panning north, the camera captures Ritchey's Terrace on Adelaide Street West (row of houses in the middle of this view), a corner of Osgoode Hall (upper left), King's College (on the horizon just to the right of Osgoode Hall) and wooden dwellings on Boulton Street (foreground) where a maid looks up at the camera.



6. Church spires thrust into the sky in this view, looking north. From the left public buildings in view are Church of the Holy Trinity, Second United Presbyterian Church, the tower of the Toronto Normal School, Jenning's Church, Knox Church, St. Michael's Cathedral (top right) and the Methodist Church.

7. The view to the northeast includes Zion Church (top left), the Toronto Meeting House (long building to the right of and slightly lower than Zion Church), the Toronto Racquet Ball Courts (next to Meeting House) and the Mechanics' Institute (upper right). Bay Street runs beyond the Racquet Ball Courts, meeting Adelaide Street East, which passes in front of Zion Church.



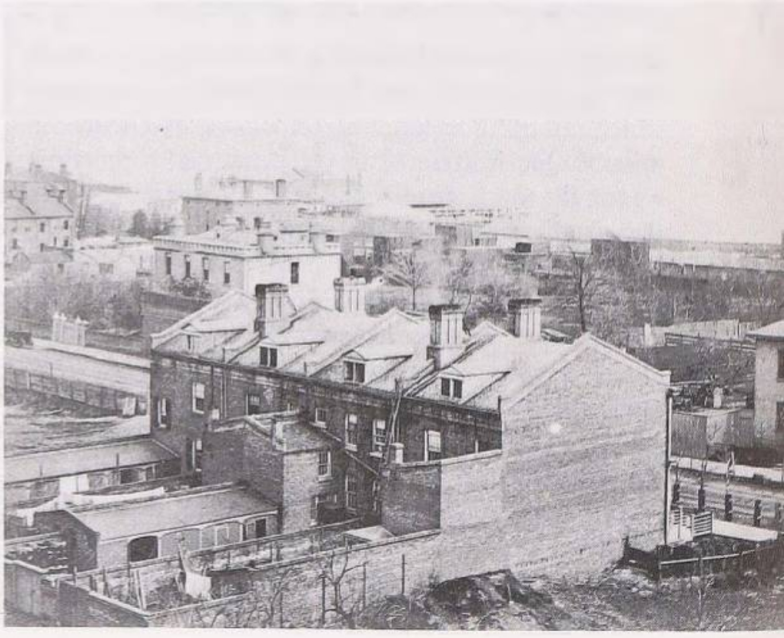
8. The camera faces east along King Street. Up the street to the left is St. James' Cathedral and, to the right, St. Lawrence Hall. Bay and Yonge Streets cross King about midway up the picture.

ahead of the daguerreotype, but it was still very limited in its ability to capture movement. For a crisp photo out of doors even with good sunlight, the film had to be exposed for at least thirty seconds. So as Torontonians bustled to work, window-shopped or moved down the city's streets in their carts and carriages they left no mark on the negative. Only a handful are readily distinguishable: people who stopped to chat with a passerby, others taking a break from work and a woman who came out on her doorstep on a spring day to peer up at the people with the curious apparatus on the Rossin House roof. The rest just form long dark blurs on the sidewalks along King and up York Street.

In 1857, Toronto was a predominantly Anglo-Celtic society of first generation Canadians and English, Irish and Scottish immigrants. It was also growing at a tremendous pace. In 1851, Toronto's population hovered around the 30,000 mark and within a decade had risen to 44,000. The City Directory for 1856 made the best of this increase and reminded readers that while New York City had enjoyed only 66% population growth in the years 1840 to 1850, Toronto had increased by some

9. The camera records rows of houses and commercial buildings near the intersection of Bay Street and Wellington Street West. The view is to the southwest.

10. Looking southwest. Houses in the foreground face onto Wellington Street West. Beyond, nearer the lake, is Front Street. Near the lake is William Baldwin's town house.



95% over the decade. In 1861, Protestants formed a majority of the population, but large-scale Irish Catholic immigration which began in the mid-1840s was closing that gap. The Orange Order was a powerful organization in the city. Historian Gregory Kealey has looked at lodge figures for the 1861 period and has set direct membership in the organization at 15 percent of eligible citizens. So, one of eight adult male Protestants could be expected to march on the "Glorious Twelfth" and brawl on St. Patrick's Day. Religious riots were just one problem for city police.

As the City Directory explained it, Toronto "containing a population of nearly 55,000 individuals and made up as it is of the good, bad, and indifferent of almost every nation, serious crime as well as petty misdemeanour is no stranger to it." Of course, at the root of the problem was "intemperance, an unfortunate evil". Newspaper court reports describe a constant battle waged against public drunkenness, brawling, prostitution, theft and selling liquor without a license.

Penalties for crimes could be severe and public executions were not unknown in the city for cases of murder. On 4 December 1854, "thousands" of citizens braved the cold weather and turned out at the Front Street jail for the hanging of Richard Martin Kehoe, convicted of killing his wife.

Though the major streets in Toronto had been macadamized as early as 1836, mud was a constant annoyance in spring and autumn. In June 1857, in his newspaper, *Mackenzie's Weekly Message*, the obviously aging firebrand leader of the Rebellion of 1837, William Lyon Mackenzie, railed against the fashion common among young ladies of wearing long-hemmed dresses. The sarcasm he had once reserved for members of Toronto's privileged elite he spent on the mud bespattered "Dorothy Draggletail". But mud was only a cosmetic threat compared to some of the dangers lurking there.

The newspapers of the day are filled with articles, indignant letters and editorials about dangerous sidewalks, stagnant pools, obstructed streets and runaway wagons and carriages. Toronto streets could be a dangerous place even without automobiles. This report is from the *News of the Week* on 17 April 1857: "While a farmer named Whiteoak was driving down Parliament Street, on Tuesday afternoon, his waggon came into violent collision with another vehicle, and both were considerably damaged. Whiteoak was lying in his waggon drunk and asleep at the time, and was only aroused by the violence of the shock. He promptly paid for the injury done to the other vehicle, and was taken in charge by the Sergeant Smith and his assistants."

Communications in the young city were handled by the press. the *Leader*, the *Globe*, and the *British Colonist* were all published daily, while *the Mirror*, the *Patriot*, the *News of the Week*, and *Mackenzie's Weekly Message* all appeared weekly. With seven newspapers in the market there was still competition for readers and advertisers. To get them both, the press covered more than just local news.

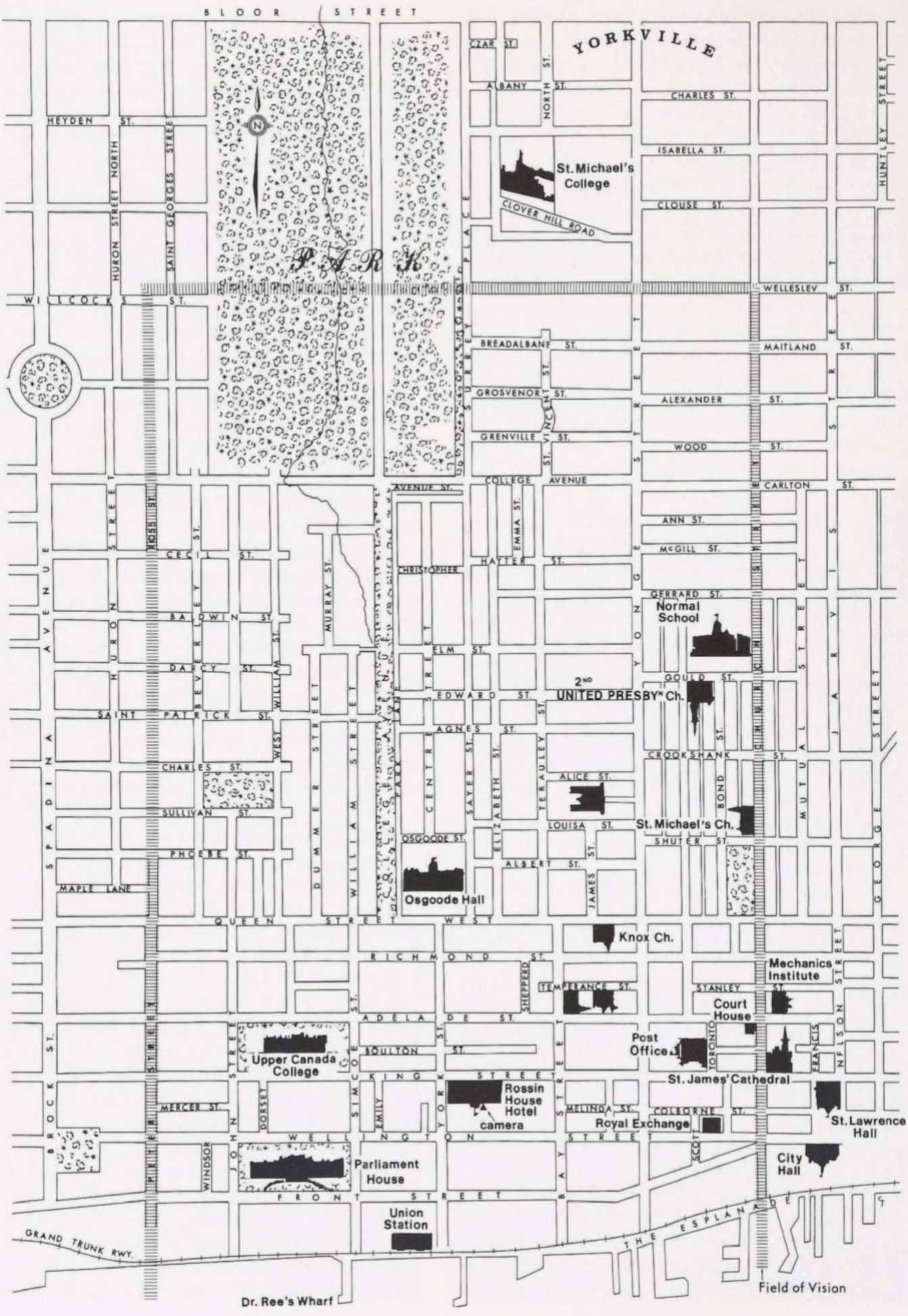
In 1856, the *Leader* published Charles Dickens' *Little Dorrit* in serialized form. Foreign news came to the city quickly by telegraph and more conventionally by the mails. The poles and wires of Toronto's telegraph link can be seen in the Panorama, running alongside the railroad tracks. Toronto and Hamilton were the first two cities in Canada to be connected by telegraph in 1846. Lines to Buffalo and Montreal soon followed, bringing Toronto into contact with the wider North American system.

City life in Toronto may have changed completely since the 1850s, but some things have remained remarkably constant. In June 1856, an editorial in Toronto's Tory daily the *Leader* supported a "laudable plan" to build a bridge to the island so that an omnibus could make the trip on the half hour in summertime. According to the *Leader*, the Island " . . . is the only place near the city where a mouthful of pure air can be had in a short time".

Toronto was an important regional centre for Canada West. Many of the province's educational institutions were located there, including the University of Toronto, the Anglican Trinity College, the Presbyterian Knox College, St. Michael's College for Roman Catholics and the Toronto Normal School. The city was a military stronghold as well, with the garrison at Fort York situated just to the west of the city. Many of these honours had come to Toronto from its days as the colonial capital of Upper Canada. But in 1857, Toronto was only the temporary seat of government of the united provinces of Canada East and West and some people wanted the city to gain permanent status.

In the spring of 1857 Toronto was part of a five-way brawl with Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Ottawa to become the permanent seat of government of the United Canadas. Since 1841, when Lord Durham's Report united the Upper and Lower colonies as Canada West and East, the capital city honours had gone to Kingston. But Kingston proved an unpopular compromise and lasted a mere three years as capital. Then Montrealers had their turn, but angry rioters chased the honour out of town when they burned down the legislative buildings after the repeal of the Corn Laws and Navigation Act in 1849.

It was then decided that the seat of government would alternate every four years between Toronto and Quebec City. But the "nomadic" system pleased no one. It was costly, inconvenient and demeaningly provincial. In 1856, Canadians sought a solution to the problem. But neither Toronto nor Quebec City could gain majority support. There was no question of com-


BLOOR STREET
YORKVILLE
PARK
CZAR ST.
ALBANY ST.
NORTH ST.
CHARLES ST.
ISABELLA ST.
CLOUSE ST.
HEYDEN ST.
HURON STREET NORTH
SAINT GEORGES STREET
St. Michael's College
CLOVER HILL ROAD
HUNTLEY STREET
WILLCOCKS ST.
WELLESLEY ST.
BREADALBANE ST.
MAITLAND ST.
GROSVENOR ST.
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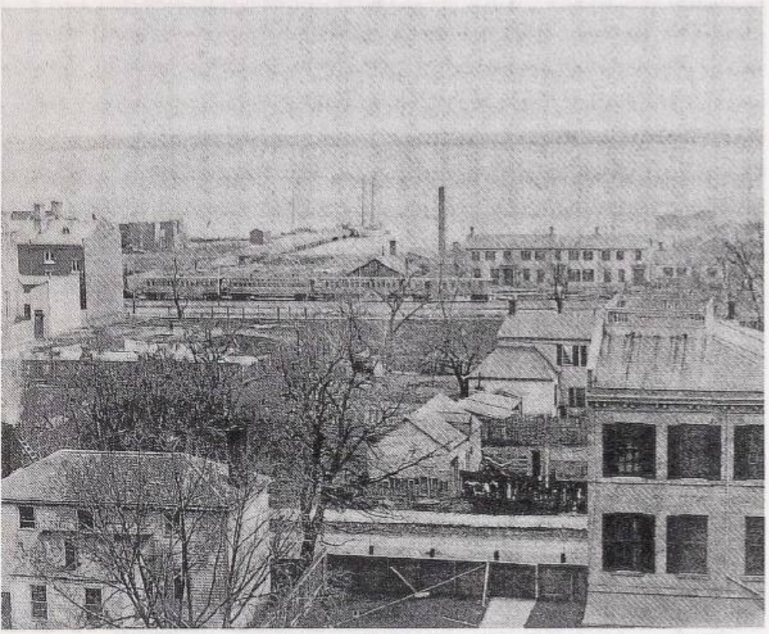
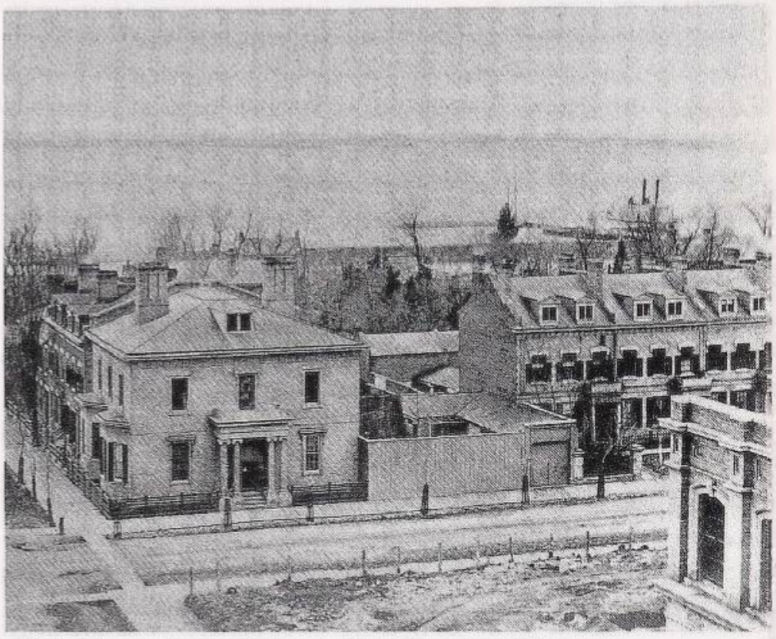
WOOD ST.
COLLEGE AVENUE
AVENUE ST.
CARLTON ST.
ANN ST.
McGILL ST.
CECIL ST.
HAYTER ST.
CHRISTOPHER
GERRARD ST.
Normal School
BALDWIN ST.
ELM ST.
DARCY ST.
GOULD ST.
2ND UNITED PRESBYN Ch.
EDWARD ST.
SAINT PATRICK ST.
AGNES ST.
CHARLES ST.
CROOKSHANK ST.
ALICE ST.
SULLIVAN ST.
LOUISA ST.
St. Michael's Ch.
OSGOODE ST.
SHUTER ST.
PHOEBE ST.
ALBERT ST.
MAPLE LANE
Osgoode Hall
QUEEN STREET WEST
Knox Ch.
RICHMOND ST.
Mechanics Institute
TEMPERANCE ST.
STANLEY ST.
Court House
ADELAIDE ST.
Post Office
Upper Canada College
BOULTON ST.
KING STREET
St. James' Cathedral
Rossin House Hotel
camera
MERCER ST.
MELINDA ST.
COLBORNE ST.
Royal Exchange
St. Lawrence Hall
WELLINGTON STREET
Parliament House
City Hall
FRONT STREET
Union Station
GRAND TRUNK RWY.
THE ESPLANADE
Field of Vision
Dr. Ree's Wharf
TORONTO HARBOUR

promise. The renown, not to mention the economic benefits conferred on the capital, made the designation too valuable a prize to allow for magnanimity. For a short time it seemed that Quebec City might actually receive the necessary support. A crucial vote on an appropriation of £300,000 for the construction of parliament buildings there managed to pass the Legislative Assembly. But, the triumph was short-lived as the upper house, the Legislative Council, vetoed the bill.

With Quebec's failure, it was finally recognized that the fierce regional rivalries made the issue insoluble in the Canadas. Geographer David B. Knight describes this fascinating struggle in detail in his book *Choosing Canada's Capital*. In March 1857 the problem was handed to the British Colonial Office for resolution.



11. We are now looking south. The Grand Trunk Railroad runs beside Front Street, with Sword's Hotel upper left. Toronto Iron Works faces the lake. James G. Chewett's house stands on the corner of Wellington Street West, right foreground.



12. Looking southwest at the corner of York Street and Wellington Street West (running across foreground). Front Street lies beyond the buildings. Union Station is partly seen at York and Front, with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club to the right. Doctor Ree's wharf is at upper right with the roof of Bishop John Strachan's house, "The Palace", visible above the row of houses at middle right.

But that just transferred the conflict to an Imperial stage for the final bout.

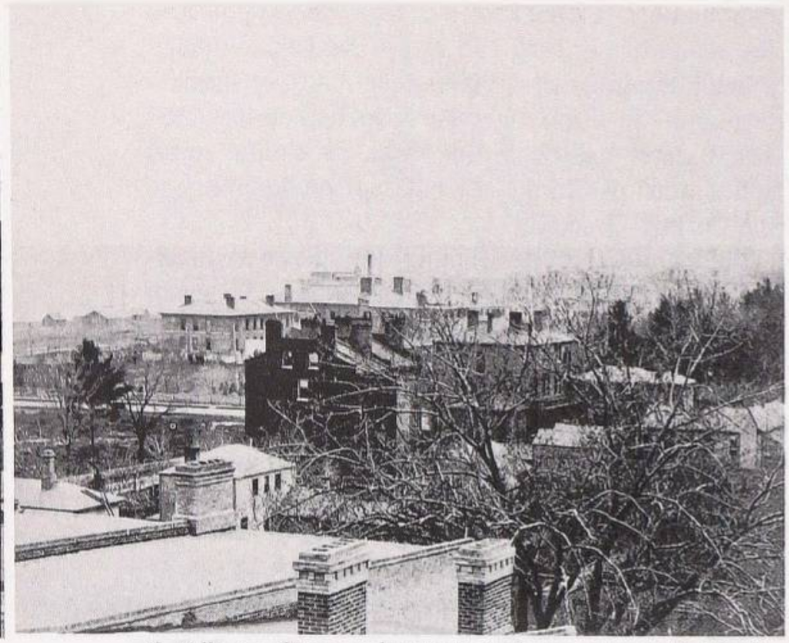
Colonial Secretary Henry Labouchere requested that the five leading cities submit memoranda arguing their merits as capital. Soon civic boosters in these cities and even an uninvited Hamilton squad marshalled statistics, stretched partisan arguments to their limits and opined fearlessly on their glorious civic futures in order to convince the British in their favour. Toronto's memorandum was like the other cities' efforts with one twist.

At the first public meeting on the issue in late March, 1857, a predictable blue ribbon committee of local worthies and politicians was chosen to make Toronto's case. By June, when they met before the public again, William Armstrong, civil engineer, had been added to their number. It is not known if Armstrong approached the committee or they had sought his help. Whether a public commission or Armstrong's shrewd speculation, the 1856-57 photographic series became Toronto's visual secret weapon in the battle for capital status and it accompanied the city's official memorandum to the Colonial Secretary.

Photography was just coming into its own as a serious tool for business and government in the young colony, and its entertainment value made it irresistible. It is likely that content mattered most to the conventional minds on the city's Seat of Government committee. The picture they wished left in English minds was intended to dispel a thousand words of Toronto's lingering reputation as "Muddy York". In 1857, the best way to show off the city was with a panorama.

Photographs could still fascinate North Americans in the late 1850s; at least, they could if they were packaged properly. The big attraction in Toronto that year was the panorama. Frenchman Louis Daguerre had first perfected his "Daguerreotype" photographic process in 1839, and historian Lily Koltun has found that ads placed by itinerant "daguerrean artists" first begin to appear in the Toronto press only three years later. The Toronto City Directory for 1856 lists six practitioners who did nothing else. But they likely focused on portraiture. William Armstrong shot landscapes.

Armstrong was an engineer, photographer, artist, drawing instructor and a founding member of the Royal



13. Wellington, Simcoe and Front streets form a pattern at the left of this view, which looks southwest. The Parliament Buildings dominate the waterfront in the centre.

Canadian Yacht Club. This combination made him the natural choice for the Panorama. He had worked for the city the previous year making a watercolour painting of Toronto. The artwork was made from a photograph he had taken from the peninsula. Many of the twelve street-level views he added to the Panorama were photographs he had taken over the previous year.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1822, Armstrong began his apprenticeship at 16 as a draftsman, designer and engineer with the Midland Counties Railroad in England. In 1851, he came to the colonies working on the Oshawa, Simcoe & Huron Railroad and then for engineer Casimir Gzowski building bridges on the Grand Trunk's Toronto-Sarnia line. It was supposedly Gzowski who gave Armstrong the camera to assist him in his work.

Today, Armstrong is best remembered for his paintings, documentary-style watercolours which chronicled the city, important events and the yachts he loved. He made similar use of the camera to capture what must have been among the earliest examples of Canadian photojournalism. The *News of the Week* reported on 20 March 1857, that Armstrong had photos of a "fearful" train wreck which had occurred on the Desjardins canal near Hamilton. The pictures' value was not lost on the newsman.

[Armstrong has] "some excellent daguereotypes[*sic*] of the remains of the bridge, the broken cars, the people groping for bodies, and the thousands of spectators on the scene. They were, we are informed, inspected by His Excellency the Governor General on Saturday, who takes a deep interest in preventing similar calamities in future. They, of course, give a perfectly accurate view of the whole scene, and the Governor General, without visiting it, would obtain from them necessary information."

Months earlier, Armstrong had photographed the wreck of the side-wheel steamer *Monarch* which ran aground in a November storm in 1856. But there was as yet no way to mass reproduce the photographs and Armstrong was restricted to using them to assist in making printable drawings of the scenes.

Armstrong's colleagues Humphrey Lloyd Hime and Daniel Manders Beere were also accomplished photographers. Hime took photographs in the Prairies and Beere took a camera with him when he left for New Zealand in the mid-1860s. Today, their pioneering photos of the Prairies and the South Pacific are considered some of the finest early views of these areas. In 1857 they were working together and true to Armstrong's past experimental efforts with the camera, they chose to create a panorama.

No less than five panoramic exhibits were shown in Toronto in 1856-57. The panoramas were lantern shows, projections of glass slide photographic plates which were frequently re-touched to sharpen the image or to add the moving objects which cameras could not capture. Similar shows had been done in Europe for years with hand-painted slides, but high costs limited their production. In November 1850, everything changed. The Langenheim Brothers of Philadelphia perfected the process of transferring a photographic image to a glass plate. When new, more powerful projectors were developed shortly thereafter, a sensation was born.

Crowds flocked to see "Abournet's Panorama of Mont Blanc"and "Howarth's Varieties-Panoramas of the Mammoth Cave, Niagara Falls and the Crystal Palace". According to the *Leader*, the most spectacular of all was "Bullard's Panorama of New York City" which played for 5,000 to 6,000 paying customers in a week-long run at St. Lawrence Hall.

"Bullard's" lasted almost two hours and an advertisement promised, "persons viewing it can hardly persuade themselves that they are not actually in the city among its business and bustle." And an explanatory lecture which accompanied the views promised to illustrate New York's "statistics, business, and resources, its people, their go-aheadativeness; much valuable knowledge of great importance to a stranger, and of general and instructive information to everybody."

The advertisement persuaded over 5,000 Torontonians to attend the showings, the same logic persuaded the city council to illustrate their bid for the capital. But the photos failed to convince the Colonial Secretary. It was announced the following year that Ottawa had been chosen as the permanent capital. In 1859, Parliamentarians left Toronto for Quebec City where they would continue to meet until the new government

The Toronto skyline as it is today. Most of the buildings in the 1857 Panorama have been swept away by time, although a few, such as Osgoode Hall and St. Lawrence Hall, have survived into our era, dwarfed by skyscrapers.

buildings were ready for them in Ottawa. It was the second piece of bad news for Torontonians to swallow.

In the late autumn of 1857, the bottom fell out of their economic boom. It would not come back until 1861. For Torontonians, a measure of revenge came in 1867 when Confederation created the new Province of Ontario and their city was designated its capital.

Some confusion exists over the date of the Panorama. The Panorama was included and dated in the collection "Toronto: Views of Public Buildings, 1856" with the other photos. But some were shot in that year and others in 1857. The Panorama's view of the completed spire of the Second United Presbyterian Church at the corner of Victoria and Gould streets proves the photos were shot after the summer of 1856.

The records of the Church Building Committee show that the decision to "slate the spire" was only made in July, 1856. The Rossin House roof was only completed in early November of that year. So the *British Colonist* story and the bare trees and open windows of the Panorama suggest that the photos were taken in the early spring of 1857.

Little remains of the city the photographs captured. Virtually all of the area they show fits neatly in today's city core and time has taken its toll. Of the hundreds of buildings clearly visible in the Panorama only nine survived the 130-year trial by fire, neglect and redevelopment. Other structures, like The Grange, the Bank of Upper Canada, and the Campbell House stood beyond the reach of the primitive lens, but are with us still. Accident and design have saved a few others and demonstrate the scant consideration given by succeeding generations of Torontonians to preserving the relics and monuments of their city's past.

Osgoode Hall, the Church of the Holy Trinity, the Bishop's Block, St. Michael's and St. James' Cathedrals, St. Lawrence Hall, the Commercial Bank of the Midland District and Thomas Lailey's warehouse are the only structures readily visible in the Panorama which still stand today, dwarfed in the city they once dominated. ♦

R. Neil Matheson is a Toronto writer. The Panorama photographs taken by Armstrong, Beere and Hime in 1857 were supplied by the National Archives of Canada and are used with the permission of the British Commonwealth Office, to whom the originals belong.

The British Association in Western Canada, 1909

The Parliament of Science

By MARTIN ZEILIG

"The Great Parliament of Science" proclaimed the *Manitoba Free Press* in a banner headline. For the first time a major international scientific event was being staged in Western Canada and the three Winnipeg newspapers — the *Telegram,* the *Free Press* and the *Tribune* — provided extensive coverage. The *Free Press* printed biographies of over 100 of the prominent scientists who attended the gathering and there was detailed coverage in all papers of the social activities enjoyed by the delegates.

The year was 1909 and celebrations marking the centenary of Charles Darwin's birth had just taken place in Great Britain. Darwin's controversial *Origin of Species* was marking the golden anniversary of its first publication in 1859; British science was enjoying its greatest period of sustained success. It was a time of confidence and bright hope. Manitoba was still three years away from attaining its full geographic size; a round trip ticket to the Toronto Exhibition on the Great Northern Railway via St. Paul and Chicago was advertised at $36.90; and the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was being held in Winnipeg from 25 August to 1 September.

Sent to investigate this "outpost of Empire", a correspondent from the *Times* of London described Winnipeg as a "bustling, progressive city of 150,000 [actually 130,000] . . . the entrepôt of Western Canada . . . the mother city (almost the grandmother) of all Canada beyond the Great Lakes . . . with a bewildering variety of racial types". The same article noted with approval "the bunting flying on scores of buildings". Winnipeggers had been officially encouraged to decorate their city for the Association meeting, the great "parliament of science".

The excitement was electric. Canada's "Gateway to the West", the "Chicago of the North" would be hosting a Who's Who of scientific leaders, including Sir Joseph John Thomson, Fellow of the Royal Society, current president of the British Association, and 1906 Nobel Prize winner in Physics; Ernest Rutherford, discoverer of the nucleus of the atom — some of his most vital work was done at McGill in Montreal — and 1908 Nobel Prize laureate in Chemistry; Otto Hahn of Germany who would be awarded the 1944 Nobel Prize for his work on nuclear fission; Percival Lowell, the controversial U.S. astronomer, founder of the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, and a firm believer in the theory that Mars was inhabited; and many other distinguished individuals from every branch of the sciences.

Many eminent Canadian scientists and scholars participated in the gathering. Dr. Robert Bell and J.B. Tyrrell, both noted explorers and energetic members of the Canadian Geological Survey, were prominent in the geological and geographical sections of the meeting. Reverend John Maclean, of Morden, Manitoba, who had lived and travelled with the Plains Indian tribes, read a paper before the anthropological section on the Blackfoot medical priesthood, commenting favourably on some of their practices. H.T. Barnes, McGill University physicist, presented a paper in the mathematical and physical science section which helped enhance the reputation of that Quebec school's scientific research program.

Only three previous meetings of the British Association had taken place outside the British Isles: at Montreal in 1884, at Toronto in 1897 and in South Africa in 1905.

On 25 May 1905 the Royal Society of Canada passed a resolution urging the city of Winnipeg to bid for the 1907 meeting "with a view to the spread of scientific knowledge and also for the purpose of helping in the development of a newer Canada . . ."

Winnipeg's offer to host the 1907 meeting was rejected by the B.A.A.S. because of the difficulty of meeting outside the British Isles so soon after the 1905 meeting in South Africa. Winnipeg was told, however, that "were the offer to be renewed for a subsequent year, it would be favourably considered". At the 1906 meeting in York, England, Winnipeg's second invitation, offering the city as the venue for the 1909 meeting, was accepted.

The proposal to hold the Association meeting in Winnipeg had wide local acceptance, including support from the Manitoba Historical and Scientific

Delegates to the "Parliament of Science" were photographed in front of the residence at Lower Fort Garry during C.C. Chipman's garden party on a summer afternoon in August 1909. The picture is from the Hudson's Bay Company Archives.

Society, the University of Manitoba and the mayor. During the summer of 1906 Dr. George Bryce and Professors Swale Vincent and Matthew Parker lobbied British Association officials at Burlington House, London. The three Winnipeggers later had the satisfaction of hearing Winnipeg's invitation accepted during the meeting in York — the birthplace in 1831 of the British Association.

Financial support for the project was divided among the three levels of government. Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier promised a sum of $25,000, the province of Manitoba gave $10,000 and the city of Winnipeg offered $5,000. The other three Western provinces and five of their communities covered expenses for an excursion to the West Coast by 200 members of the Association after the Winnipeg meeting.

Winnipeg Mayor Sanford Evans was appointed chairman of the local executive committee and Swale Vincent and Matthew Parker were joint honorary secretaries. Other distinguished citizens were also involved. From their office in the university buildings Vincent and Parker, along with a team of clerks and stenographers had to "... explain, over the telephone and otherwise, that the British Association is neither a football club, nor a department of the British government, but that it probably lies somewhere between the two."

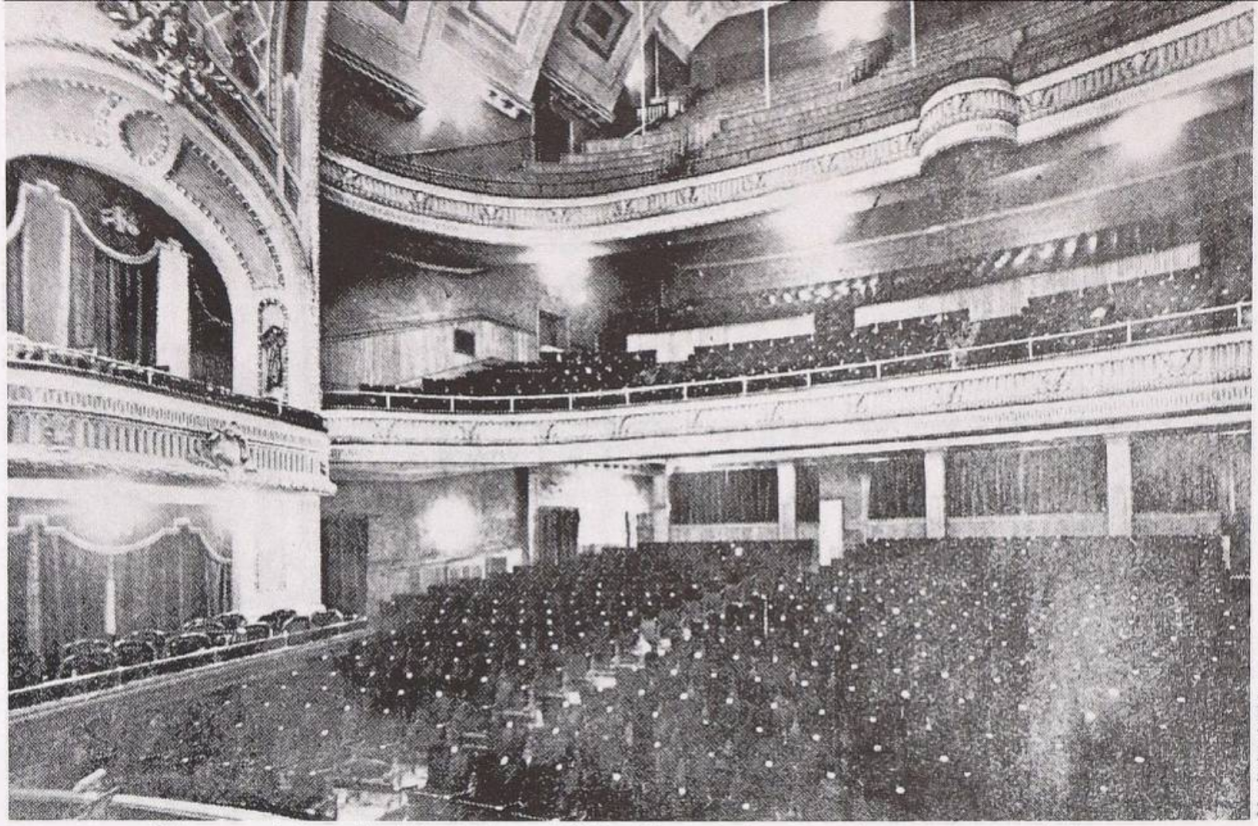
The 79th annual meeting was designed in part to be a mass public educational event. The *Free Press* called on citizens to "honour themselves and their city ... by enrolling themselves as associate members of that organization whose membership includes and has included so many great men and whose names will stand for all time as monuments in the history of human progress." Eventually 1,457 citizens enrolled in the Association, a far greater number than had been expected.

Formal proceedings of the 79th Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science began at 8:30 p.m., Wednesday, 25 August on the large stage of the Walker Theatre.

Despite the intense late summer heat, the press reported, "every part of the capacious house from floor to gallery, was crowded. A large number of ladies were present. The venerable form of Lord Strathcona lent an added interest to the proceedings." The man who drove the last spike had been greeted by over 40,000 cheering citizens earlier that day upon his arrival in Winnipeg.

Major Machon, general secretary of the Association, read a letter from botanist Francis Darwin, son of the famous naturalist and his father's biographer. Darwin was the retiring president of the Association and the letter expressed regret that he was unable to be present in Winnipeg.

Sir Joseph J. Thomson was then installed as the new president of the Association. Thomson's lengthy inaugural address touched on many topics, including "The



Manitoba Archives

Delegates and visitors filled Winnipeg's grand Walker Theatre for lectures on almost every aspect of science.

Value of Scholarships", "Mathematics and Physics Allied", "Origin of Scientific Ideas", "Research as a Means of Education", "Students and the Empire", "Recent Discoveries in Physics", and something that would warm the hearts of contemporary solar power enthusiasts, "Sun Does the Work of the World".

Throughout that week meetings were held in various sites around Winnipeg, including the University of Manitoba, St. John's, Wesley and Manitoba Colleges, the provincial Legislative Assembly and in Carlton, Alexander and Isbister public schools, forcing the latter three facilities to begin the new school year a day late. Two special evening lectures were advertised, with the public "admitted free to the unreserved seats".

The public lectures were an extension of past Association practices in which lectures were given to groups of working men. A number of famous scientists, including the legendary Thomas Henry Huxley, had delivered such popular addresses in the past.

Dr. Tutton's discourse on "The Seven Styles of Crystal Architecture" was aided "by means of one of the most powerful polariscopes ever made [which] threw rainbow visions upon the screen at the Walker Theatre. His lecture was in every way a splendid success" the press reported.

The Winnipeg Branch of the Archaeological Institute of America sponsored a public talk by John L. Myres, president of the anthropology section. The Liverpool academic delivered a speech on "Cyprus and the Early Civilization of the Eastern Mediterranean," illustrated by "numerous lantern slides".

An extraordinary variety of topics were discussed during the sessions. Some of the more esoteric papers included "Preliminary Note on the Pressure of Radiation against the Source: The Recoil of Light", which formed the basis of a very popular public lecture by Professor J.H. Poynting, F.R.S. and Guy Barlow D.Sc.; and "On Threefold Emission-Spectra of Solid Aromatic Compounds", by Professor E. Goldstein from Berlin who was part of the small but distinguished group from Germany. Albert Einstein who had in 1905 presented his important papers on the special theory of relativity, mass-energy equivalence, and the photon theory of light, was mentioned only once in a paper during the 1909 meeting.

Winnipeg was also treated to a first time showing of "The Lowell Observatory Photographs of Jupiter" by Percival Lowell. A.E. Shipley, F.R.S. from Cambridge University, president of the zoology section, spoke glowingly, in his opening address, of the legacy of Charles Darwin. He then emphasized a matter of the "greatest moment and the greatest difficulty . . . We live surrounded by a disappearing fauna. Species are disappearing from the globe at a greater rate than even the most ardent mutationist claims they are appearing."

During the meetings Manitoba was chided for not having a system of compulsory education. The 28 August *Free Press* editorial pounced on the issue: "The principle of compulsory education is unassailable . . . no citizen has the right not to educate his child at all."

Quebec was the only other province, at the time, without a compulsory education law.

It even seemed that racism had its pseudo-scientific defenders at the Winnipeg meeting. Professor Gregory, an Australian, presented a paper in the geography section entitled "The Operation of a Policy of a White Australia". He dealt with the exclusion of "black" labour — Kanakas from the South Pacific — from Queensland. Responding to criticism, Gregory replied that his results "were undoubtedly sufficient to show that the substitution of white labour for black has been both socially and financially a success."

Canada's scientists distinguished themselves at the Winnipeg gathering. Dr. Robert Bell read a paper which many Western farmers would endorse today on "The Hudson Bay Route To Europe" enthusiastically supporting the use of Hudson Bay as an outlet for Western grain shipments to Europe. It was well received by many in the geography section.

J.B. Tyrrell presented a number of papers in both the geology and geography sections, including a detailed description of the geology of Western Canada.

Even that contentious Canadian issue of free trade reared its head during the 79th meeting. A.B. Clark, "the occupant of the new chair of political economy at Manitoba University . . . revealed himself as a free trader . . . by a paper on preferential duties".

An agricultural sub-section was a special inclusion at the Winnipeg conference. Acknowledging the unique significance of wheat to the prairie economy, experts expounded on a variety of topics from "The General Economic Position of Wheat Growing" to an elucidating discussion on "The History of the Wheats" by Dr. Otto Stapf.

Many of the scientists and their wives were billeted in the homes of prominent citizens, or were personal guests of the local organizing committee. The luxurious Royal Alexandra Hotel was home to others. One

Guests enjoy the summer day at Fort Garry during the garden party for the British Association.

HBC Archives

National Portrait Gallery, London

Ernest Rutherford, Nobel Laureate.

newspaper wrote that "Many expressions have been heard from the visitors during the present week [of] . . . the value to the city of the Royal Alexandra Hotel . . . Sir J. Thomson stated that some of the most important discussions had taken place there in an informal way." The hotel provided an average of 1,700 meals a day with as many as 3,200 during one very busy day.

Excursions were arranged to points of interest within, and outside Winnipeg city limits. A trip to the wheat fields near Portage la Prairie left many of the foreign visitors suitably impressed with the "bountifulness of prairie soil".

A gala garden party hosted by Hudson's Bay Company Commissioner C.C. Chipman and Mrs. Chipman was held within the thick stone walls of Lower Fort Garry. Over 2,000 guests dined under a warm, blue, late August sky.

The St. Charles Country Club convened an afternoon's entertainment, and allowed Association members free use of the club and golf course. Lord Strathcona hosted his own garden party at his Silver Heights estate. A number of other local clubs and institutions also opened their doors to members of the Association. The local Masons held a special banquet for their brethren.

Praise for Winnipeg and the Association meeting was effusive. The *Manitoba Free Press* assigned a reporter to elicit comments from the scientists. Professor E.W. Hobson from Cambridge University thought that Winnipeg was ". . . one of the most beautiful, well ordered, well paved cities I have ever visited. The meeting was exceptionally successful."

Harvard educational and experimental psychologist Hugo Munsterberg, who was unfortunately ill during most of the trip, was "simply overwhelmed by the great human activity of the West. What has appealed most to me is the number and fine equipment of your book stores . . . better than I have found in any other city of the same size in America."

At midnight on 2 September, 200 members of the British Association boarded a special west-bound train at the CPR station. Among those travelling "in luxurious Pullmans" towards the setting sun were Sir J.J. Thomson and Lady Thomson, Otto Hahn, Robert Bell and Winnipeg Mayor Sanford Evans, who was one of the on-board hosts. It was reported that "many Winnipeg people were at the depot to bid their friends goodbye."

The press was not neglected either. Representatives of the three dailies, a telegraph operator and a photographer were ensconced in coach number five. During the nine-day trip west the entourage was feted by the city councils of Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Vancouver and Edmonton.

Most members of the British Association returned to Winnipeg from their Western tour on 13 September. One newspaper account captured the collective enthusiasm of the moment: "They express themselves as delighted with their experiences, and are full of praise for the country's natural resources and attractions. They say that Canada has gained in them many new missionaries."

The legacy of the 79th British Association meeting survives in the intriguing insights into the scientific and social history of the time contained in the pages of the official handbook and in the report published after the scientists had dispersed. Some hint of the excitement the event caused can be found by scanning the archival microfilm of 80-year-old newspaper accounts.

It was an event that stimulated the intellectual growth of Winnipeg and Canada. It involved ordinary citizens. It put Canadian scientists in touch with their international colleagues and it made the international community aware of the not inconsiderable achievements of Canadian science. A commentator at the time called it "one of the most important meetings ever assembled in Winnipeg". After almost a century it still merits that description. ♦

Martin Zeilig is a Winnipeg freelance writer.

Right Against the World

By J.F. McEvoy

Reginald A. Fessenden is little known today in his native country, Canada. Yet without his fertile mind, radio as we know it would not exist. It is ironic that in the public mind the name of his great rival, Guglielmo Marconi, is synonomous with the invention of radio, for it was Fessenden who saw the flaws in Marconi's system and devised a way around them. "It sometimes happens, even in science," the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote at the time of his death in July 1932, "that one man can be right against the world. Professor Fessenden was that man."

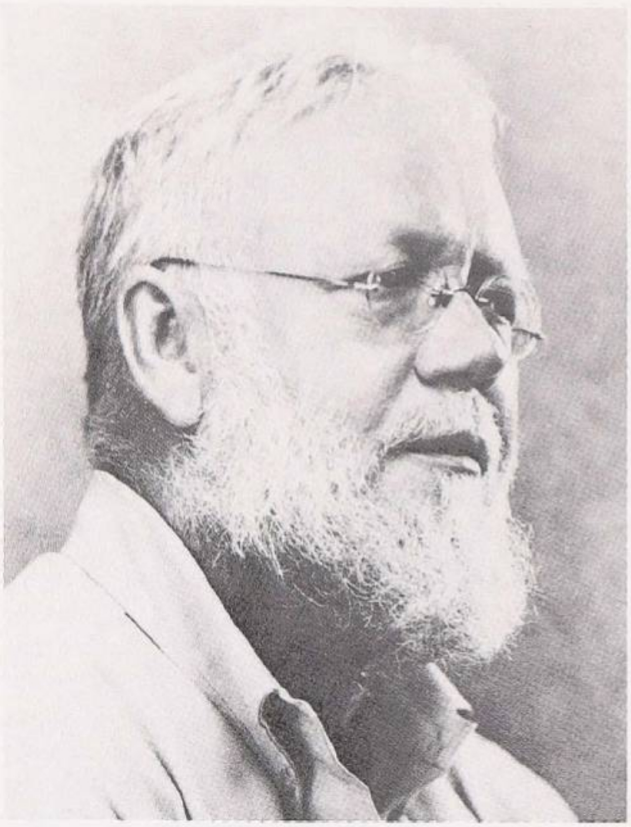
Reginald Aubrey Fessenden was born in East Bolton, near Sherbrooke, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, on 6 October 1866. His father's family had strong American connnections, having emigrated to Massachusetts from Kent, England in 1628. Elisha Fessenden was himself born in Michigan, but moved to Canada with his family. He studied at McGill and at Bishop's College and was ordained in the Church of England. Fessenden's mother, Clementina Trenholme, countered this American influence with a staunch British spirit that saw her lead a successful campaign to establish Empire Day as a national holiday; she also served as a member of the National Council of Women and organizing secretary of the Daughters of the Empire.

Educationally, the young Fessenden was a prodigy. After his family moved to Niagara Falls, Ontario, he attended De Veaux Military Academy on the American side for one year at the age of nine, making the honour roll. He then went to Trinity College School in Port Hope, Ontario, winning praise from the headmaster as one of the best pupils he had ever had. One year he won all the prizes. He learned new words, he reported to his mother, by taking a sentence of English and translating it into French, Latin and Greek.

At the age of fourteen he was offered a mathematics mastership at Bishop's College School in Lennoxville, Quebec; as well as providing an income that would benefit his far from affluent family, he would receive credit for the college year, without attending classes, providing he passed the examinations. It was there that he first became interested in science through private reading of the periodicals *Nature* and *Scientific American;* he never received any formal scientific training. In fact, he did not complete his degree at Bishop's. Tiring of the classical curriculum and requiring a larger income to help educate his three brothers, he accepted the principalship of Whitney Institute in Bermuda in 1886. Although he never lived in Canada again he visited his family and spent several vacations there, finding a cottage near Peterborough, Ontario, shared with his favourite uncle, Cortez Fessenden, a source of relaxation and renewal.

His position in Bermuda sounds more grandiose than it was; in reality, he was a one-man staff. It was there that he met Helen May Trott, the daughter of a wealthy planter. They were married in 1890 in New York City, where Fessenden had gone in 1887 to seek employment with the great inventor, Thomas Edison. A direct approach met with failure as, Fessenden later recalled, Edison already had "enough men now who do not know anything about electricity". He eventually gained a low level job with the Edison Machine Works, impressing enough to be later sent to work in Edison's laboratory, where he rose to the position of chief chemist.

Fessenden learned much from Edison but failed to absorb the master's ability to market his inventions. He could be vain and arrogant. He did not suffer fools gladly, nor was he at home in the politics of the scientific world. He was too blunt for that. Physically he was impressive, tall and increasingly bulky as he grew older, with a broad forehead, thick eyeglasses and a beard. His size was matched by a lavishness and generosity of spirit that won the loyalty of co-workers despite his strong-willed nature. His strength lay in his work to which he devoted all his energy; his failure to publicize his achievements cost him dearly.



The Smithsonian Institution

Reginald Fessenden, radio pioneer.

In 1890 Edison encountered financial difficulties and Fessenden was among those laid off. After working briefly for Westinghouse and another electrical company he accepted the chair of electrical engineering at Purdue in 1892, moving a year later in the same capacity to the Western University of Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh where research opportunities were better. It is indicative of a more informal era that someone like Fessenden, with neither a university degree nor formal scientific training, could become a department head at a major American university before reaching his thirtieth birthday.

His inventive mind was already in evidence. He had received his first two patents in 1891 while working for Westinghouse; he was eventually to have some 500 to his credit. His hobby of photography led to the invention of what he called microphotography, an early form of microfilm, which he perceived as a medium for storing vast quantities of data. He also began to experiment in the area of sound waves, where he made his greatest contribution to radio science.

The technology of the era, as exemplified by Marconi's system, was based on the generation of waves by creating a spark, which can be likened to a whiplash effect. This was adequate for transmitting messages in Morse code, with Marconi being the first to send across the Atlantic, but Fessenden realized that this stop and go system was incapable of transmitting voice or music; a means of sending and receiving a continuous wave was required. He sought, he later wrote, "an entirely new method. . . characterized by a return to first principles, the abandonment of the previously used methods and by the introduction of methods in almost every respect their exact antitheses." In so doing he was rejecting not only the accepted wisdom of the time but a system that already represented vested economic interests.

In 1900 he joined the U.S. Weather Bureau which sought a system for transmitting weather forecasts. This gave him further scope for sound experimentation. His first major success occurred in the fall of that year when he transmitted speech between two stations one mile apart. The quality of the sound was poor but that does not detract from Fessenden's accomplishment: the first transmission of intelligible speech by radio. Unfortunately he fell out with his superior at the bureau, whom Fessenden accused of seeking a half-interest to his patents and then of sabotaging his work when Fessenden indignantly refused. No shrinking violet, he took his complaint directly to President Theodore Roosevelt. It was, needless to say, passed back to the proper channels. He avoided dismissal by resigning in August 1902.

In order to carry on his work he needed financial backing. In September he secured the support of two Pittsburgh millionaires, T. H. Given and Hay Walker; together they formed the National Electric Signalling Company (NESCO). While the partnership would eventually collapse amid general recriminations, Fessenden's greatest achievements occurred under its aegis.

The company erected towers at Brant Rock, Massachusetts and Macrihanish on the west coast of Scotland. Fessenden's *annus mirabilis* was 1906. In January two-way trans-Atlantic telegraphic communication was achieved; another first, but not radically different from what Marconi had done. The following August, however, he received from General Electric an alternator built to his specifications which solved the problem of generating continuous waves. In November trans-Atlantic voice transmission, which Marconi's system could not accomplish, was effected — accidentally. The new equipment was being tested by sending between Brant Rock and nearby Plymouth, Massachusetts. Astonished operators in Scotland overheard the conversation. Before Fessenden could duplicate this success, however, the Scottish tower was destroyed by a violent Atlantic storm and never rebuilt.

Nevertheless, Fessenden's greatest triumph was soon to come. On Christmas Eve ships of the U.S. Navy and the United Fruit Company off the Atlantic coast, equipped with Fessenden-designed receivers, became the recipients of the first radio broadcast. As Fessenden later recounted:

Department of Archives and History, Raleigh, N.C.

Fessenden (in chair) with his team at Brant Rock, 1906.

> The program on Christmas Eve was as follows: first a short speech by me saying what we were going to do, then some phonograph music . . . Handel's "Largo". Then came a violin solo by me, being a composition of Gounod called "O Holy Night", and ending up with the words "Adore and be still" of which I sang one verse, in addition to playing on the violin, though the singing of course was not very good. Then came the Bible text, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will", and finally we wound up by wishing them a Merry Christmas . . .

The broadcast was repeated on New Year's Eve and heard as far away as the West Indies.

Fessenden thus took his place in the history of radio. He had proven that his system, not Marconi's, was right. The technology he created for his receiver, which from his knowledge of Greek he termed the heterodyne principle, has remained fundamental to radio to this day. Heterodyne — literally, the mixing of two different forces, permitted the reception and transmission of messages on the same aerial without interference. It was hailed by Lee DeForest, whose later invention of the vacuum tube was also crucial to the development of radio, as being "in the very small class of pioneer inventions from which great and revolutionary commercial developments result". Even the Marconi Company had to admit defeat in 1914 and licence Fessenden's patents from NESCO.

By that time he and his partners had come to an extremely messy parting of the ways. Given and Walker sought a perfected system which they could sell as a whole and were reluctant to sell components of the system which would at least have brought money into the company. Disagreement came to a head at the end of December 1910. While Fessenden was detained at a meeting in Pittsburgh an attempt was made to shut down operations at Brant Rock. The quick-wittedness of his wife and the loyalty of most of the staff, who patrolled the grounds armed, bought sufficient time to prevent the removal of Fessenden's papers but only delayed his ouster from NESCO, which occurred on 8 January 1911. He immediately launched litigation which was only finally settled fifteen years later when he received an out-of-court settlement for half a million dollars from the Radio Company of America (RCA), which had long since acquired NESCO's patents. Disillusioned with his experiences Fessenden left the radio field, preferring to move on to other projects.

During this period of his life Fessenden had maintained a number of connections with Canada. At least some of his mother's loyalism must have rubbed off. A biographical directory of 1898 noted that "politically, he is a Conservative, and a believer in Greater Britain". Also in 1898 he applied for the chair of elec-

Department of Archives and History, Raleigh, N.C.

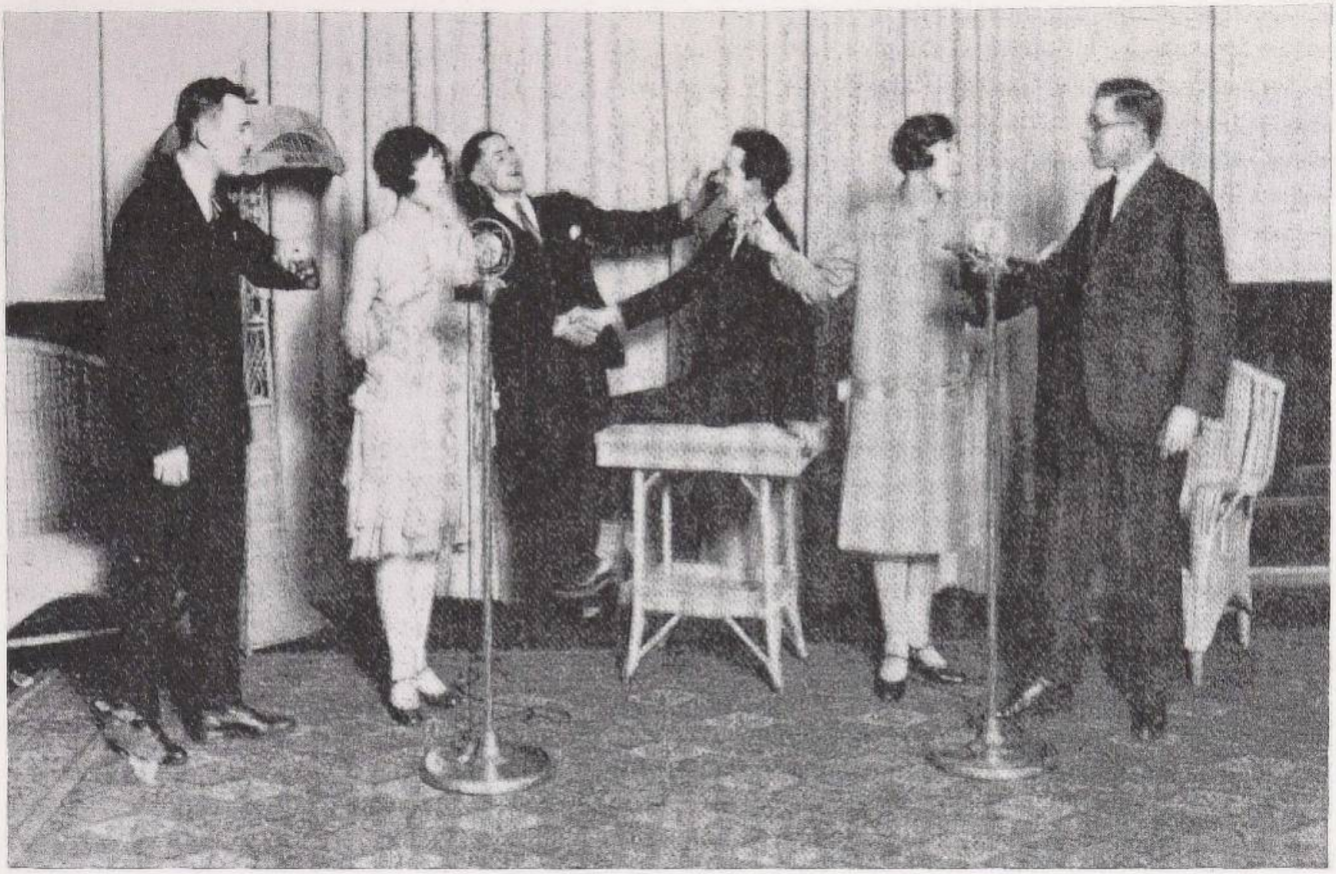
Fessenden at work on his inventions.

trical engineering at McGill but was rejected, ironically, in favour of an American. In 1903 he was appointed the engineering member of the Ontario Power Commission established by the Liberal provincial government to investigate the exploitation of Niagara Falls for hydro-electric power. When the Conservatives came to office in 1905 they appointed their own commission. Eventually yet a third commission oversaw the creation of Ontario Hydro and the harnessing of the falls.

In 1905 Fessenden established the Fessenden Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada. This venture never received much support from his American partners although Fessenden stressed that it would give them an entree to the British and colonial markets that an American company could never achieve. The company attracted such prominent directors as Frederick Borden, Wilfrid Laurier's Minister of Militia, the president of the Montreal Board of Trade and the president of the Montreal Harbour Commission. Fessenden met on several occasions with Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner in London, who offered his support. The Canadian Company acquired a trans-Atlantic licence from the British government, but NESCO fell apart before it could be put to use. Fessenden withdrew the application in March 1911 because Given and Walker had repudiated their written agreement that "the control of the Canadian Company should rest entirely with my Canadian and British associates and myself".

When war broke out in August 1914 Fessenden immediately offered his services to the Canadian government, writing to Minister of Militia Sam Hughes: "I am a Canadian, the son of Clementina Fessenden, the founder of Empire Day." He offered his inventions free for the duration of the war. Hughes sent him to London with a letter of introduction to the War Office but Fessenden found little satisfaction there. The British authorities refused him permission to go to the front to assess the situation at first hand and paid little heed to his suggestions. These included the use of airplanes for mass bombing attacks which became standard procedure during the next war.

In 1915 a disillusioned Fessenden wrote to Hughes: "the frightful and unnecessary loss of life, the waste of the best blood of Canada, through the antiquated ideas and the lack of technical and scientific knowledge of the War Office is something which I am afraid Canada is not going to forget soon and which is going to affect our whole attitude towards England after the war is over." He encountered the same difficulty in dealing with the American military. When he complained to Edison the great inventor replied that even his suggestions had all been rejected. Fessenden did



An early Canadian radio broadcast.

succeed in convincing the military of the efficacy of several of his inventions, including the location of enemy guns by sound-ranging and the use of smoke clouds for tanks, but was far from impressed by the adaptability of the military and bureaucratic minds.

Following his withdrawal from radio Fessenden's most important work involved safety at sea and included the invention of the fathometer for determining the depth of water beneath a ship's keel, which won him the *Scientific American* Gold Medal in 1929. Other awards included the Medal of Honour of the Institute of Radio Engineers for his efforts in that field and the John Scott Medal of the City of Philadelphia for the invention of continuous wave reception.

Fessenden devoted much of his time in the 1920s to a quixotic study into the civilization that existed before the great biblical deluge and the lost island of Atlantis which he believed was destroyed in the catastrophe. As with everything he did he threw himself into this project with all the energy at his command, producing a privately published volume entitled *The Deluged Civilization of the Caucasus Isthmus.* His wife later recounted how their conversation centered on such esoterica as the tree of the knowledge of good and evil or "Noah and his sane preparations for an impending disaster. Then speculation as to probable human friction in the limited quarters of the Ark." It is unfortunate that this eccentric pursuit detracted from his true vocation as scientist.

This period was also marked by deteriorating health, particularly a serious heart condition doubtless aggravated by years of hard work and stress, and increasing girth. In 1928 he purchased a sea-front property in Bermuda which provided a quiet haven until his death there in 1932. His son summarized his greatest accomplishments in one succinct sentence: "By his genius, distant lands converse and men sail unafraid upon the deep."

Fessenden was a larger than life character, impressive in size and in temperament, arrogant and cutting yet capable of being a warm and loyal colleague, eccentric yet far from being a crackpot. He threw himself with ardour into all his endeavours and had no patience with those less dedicated than he. He was most at home in his laboratory but out of his element when forced to deal with the business and political aspects of inventing. He never reaped the financial rewards that were due him and was compelled to spend much valuable time and energy in litigation, but he had the satisfaction of being proven right. He was, in the words of the head of the General Electric laboratories, "the greatest wireless inventor of the age — greater than Marconi." ♦

J.F. McEvoy is a writer who lives in Gloucester, Ontario.

Rivals and Friends at the Sault

Text and Pictures
By Graeme S. Mount
and Michael J. Mulloy

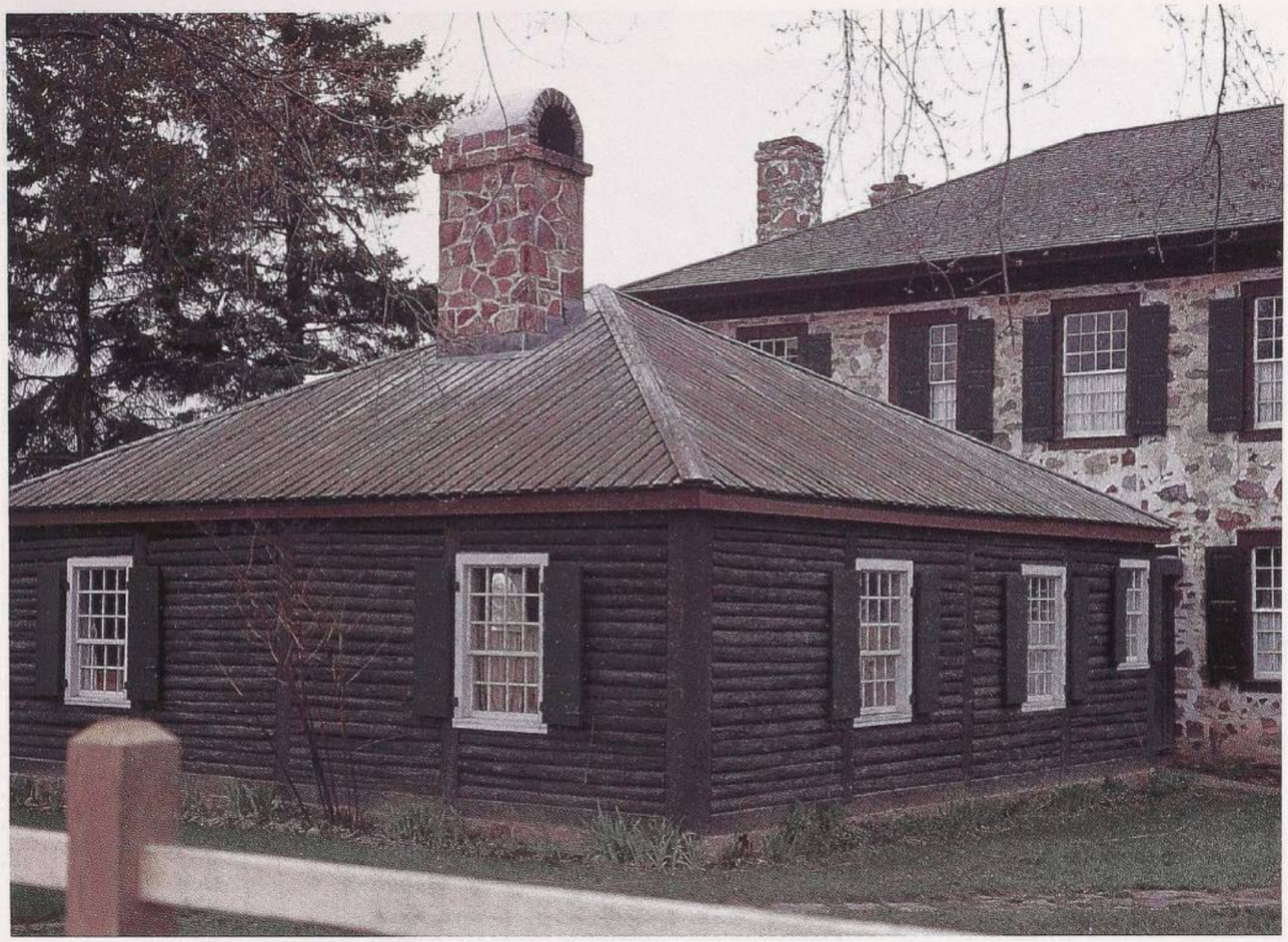
The first British fur traders to reach Sault Ste. Marie came from Montreal — employees of the North West Company. The St. Mary's River was part of their principal east-west artery, and Sault Ste. Marie was a significant way-station — the first community with permanent buildings west of Montreal. Like the Jesuits before them, the fur traders lived on the south shore, in what is now Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, until Jay's Treaty, signed in 1794 and effective in 1796, forced them to relocate on the Canadian side. It was the North West Company that bore the brunt of the American assault on Sault Ste. Marie during the War of 1812. Since that time the two Saults, American and Canadian, have been interdependent, and the era when the Hudson's Bay Company dominated the Canadian Sault's economy — from the aftermath of the War of 1812 until the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway — exemplifies that point. On the whole the relationship was a friendly one, beneficial to people on both sides of the border.

After the war, the Canadian community became one of the most isolated in Upper Canada, hundreds of kilometres from the agricultural frontier of that province and the nearest Upper Canadian population centre. The local Ojibway — called Chippewa in the United States, although they were the same people — contributed in more ways than one to the creation of a viable lifestyle for the newcomers. They were vital, of course, to the fur trade, and prominent fur traders on both sides of the border married Indian women. Yet isolation from other Euro-Canadian population centres led to reliance on the American community across the river, where the U.S. government established an army outpost, Fort Brady. This dependence was better than nothing, but it was of limited value. In 1834 the total population of Chippewa County, which included the American Sault, was only 528. The Upper Peninsula on which it was located was remote from the rest of Michigan, from which it remained politically separated until 1837. When Congress offered Michigan the Upper Peninsula in exchange for a strip of land on the southern border also claimed by Ohio, Michigan's legislators were indignant. In their eyes, the Upper Peninsula was "sterile, snowbound, and destined to remain a wilderness". Only outside pressure combined with a hefty financial incentive persuaded Michigan authorities to accept the arrangement. In 1840 Henry Clay — so prominent an American that on three separate occasions he was a presidential nominee — said that "a canal at the Sault . . . would be about as useful as a canal on the moon".

For its part, the Canadian Sault languished with one blow after another. With the merger of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company directed its men via a more northerly route and Sault Ste. Marie ceased to be part of the fur traders' principal east-west artery. In 1828 the British abandoned their post-war army base at Drummond Island on Lake Huron, which had served as a market and transportation hub for the Canadian Sault. Merchants went to Drummond Island to supply the soldiers, and residents of the Canadian Sault sent mail and furs to the rest of the province and the outside world via Drummond Island. To Drummond Island they would send their small boats with cargoes for export and lists of commodities to be purchased.

This happy arrangement ended in 1828. As a result of the Anglo-American Treaty of 1818, both Great Britain and the United States appointed commissioners to determine ownership of islands in the Great Lakes and connecting river systems. When the commissioners awarded Drummond Island to the United States, the British garrison moved to distant Penetanguishene. Large ships ceased to visit the western end of Lake Huron, and Sault Ste. Marie, Upper Canada, became dependent upon the American Sault for supplies and communications.

As early as 1825 Angus Bethune — the Hudson's Bay Company factor at Sault Ste. Marie, Upper Canada — angrily defended the illegal purchase of food, soap, and other necessities from the American side. There was no alternative, he reported. Also, although the British established an army base on Drummond Island in Lake Huron, Bethune had found the U.S. postal service faster and more reliable than



The elegant home of the fur-trading Ermatinger family had an annex (the log structure) to serve as a summer house.

Because of destruction during the War of 1812-1814 this reconstructed lock is all that remains of the North West Company canal (1798-1814) between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. The lock had capacity for the so-called "Montreal canoes", the fur-carrying freight canoes of the era.

Crosses fill the cemetery where fur traders and soldiers of Fort St. Joseph on St. Joseph Island (1796-1812) were buried. After the War of 1812 the British moved their military establishment to Drummond Island.

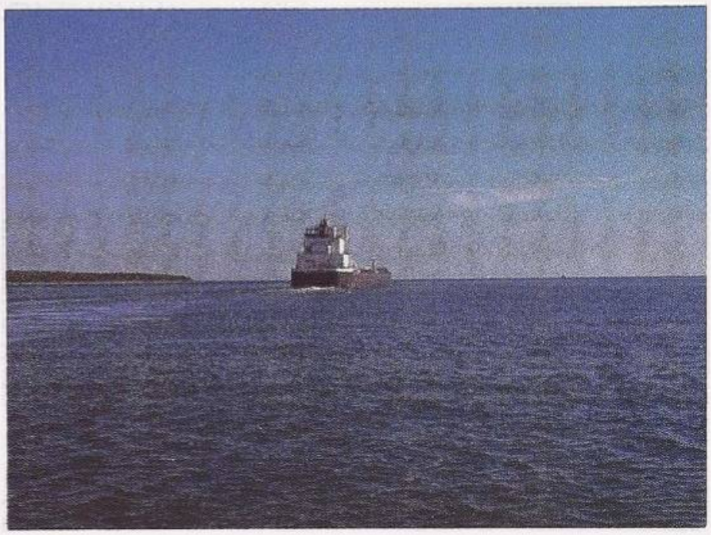
Fur trader John Johnston built this home after the War of 1812. An earlier home had been burned by U.S. forces angered by Johnston's collaboration with the British.

the Canadian. After 1828, of course, he continued to use it, as did his successors, William Nourie and John Bellenden. Saginaw and Detroit, both in Michigan, had sophisticated postal facilities and were geographically more accessible to the American Sault than any Canadian settlement was to Sault Ste. Marie, Upper Canada. Bethune even used American routes for travel to the outside world. Not until December 1863 did the first mail leave the Canadian Sault for Penetanguishene.

Fortunately, relations between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Americans across the river usually ranged from good to excellent. For almost a decade after 1820 Charles Oakes Ermatinger worked for both the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Company, and he entertained even the American military at his home in Sault Ste. Marie, Upper Canada. Angus Bethune was borrowing from the garrison at Fort Brady in 1829. It would appear that the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the American Fur Company in the American Sault felt more like isolated individuals serving different markets than like competitors. When in 1834 a thief stole an Indian's furs on Lake Superior and tried to sell them to the American Fur Company, the latter returned them to the Hudson's Bay Company. Gabriel Franchère, agent for the American Fur Company, had highly positive thoughts about the Hudson's Bay Company when it refused in 1835 to hire one of his renegade employees. William Nourie and Gabriel Franchère borrowed from each other. When Nourie escorted a British officer to Fort Brady in 1835, the commanding officer offered a 13-gun salute.

This is not to deny the existence of problems. On 12 September 1838, cannon shots from Fort Brady "passed over and between the Houses on our Shores, and mostly lodged in the hill behind the Houses occupied by Her Majesty's subjects". A delay of two weeks on the part of William Nourie in reporting the attack led to a reprimand from the Lieutenant-Governor.

An artist's conception of Fort St. Joseph and the surrounding fur trade community as it was between 1796 and 1812.



A freighter passes the site of the British army base at the west end of Drummond Island (left). British ships could monitor American ships as they passed through the narrow strait between Drummond Island and the mainland (right).

Nourie explained that he had little choice in the matter. It took time to find a trusted traveller who could then "mail the letter at Sandwich" on the Canadian side of the Detroit River.

There were international difficulties quite apart from the Hudson's Bay Company, whose overall record of diplomacy was highly successful. Major Joseph Wilson arrived in the Canadian Sault in 1843 as a customs officer and quickly became a highly influential personality. In 1845 a U.S. citizen named Theophilus Smith cut trees on Crown Lands, and as Crown Lands officer, Wilson seized Smith's logs. The next time Wilson crossed the river, Smith arranged for his arrest, and Wilson spent two days in an American jail. Indignantly he refused to sign proferred documents which would have legalized Smith's timber cutting, and after two days, his jailors released him.

Until the arrival of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when it became possible to exploit the mineral and timber resources of Northern Ontario, Sault Ste. Marie remained a tiny, peripheral community, largely dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1871, the Canadian Sault had a population of 880 and became a village, albeit a smaller one than neighbouring Bruce Mines with its copper mines. The census of 1880 revealed the population of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, to be 1,947. In view of the centuries in which people of European descent had been active in the area, growth had been slow, but it would undoubtedly have been slower without the fur trade. The presence of people across the river did bring a few problems, but the American Sault also allowed better communications and a higher standard of living in the Canadian community than would otherwise have been the case.

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McColl and the Indians

By Shirlee A. Smith

EBENEZER McCOLL—
"Friend to the Indians"

By Frances McColl. (Self-published), Winnipeg, 1989. 170pp., illus. $12.99.

Ebenezer McColl — "Friend to the Indians" was written from family reminiscences, extracts from family letters and official reports in the National Archives of Canada, and the author's own research on the history of Winnipeg and the Prairies in the 1880s and 1890s. The result, written in clear English, is easy to read, and will be of particular interest to Western Canadians. The book is not a biography, although called such in one of the front pages.

McColl, born at Brock's Creek, Upper Canada in 1835, was appointed Inspector of Indian Agents and Accounts for the Manitoba Superintendency in 1877, with his headquarters in Winnipeg. It is evident that he was scrupulously fair, honest, reliable, morally upright and genuinely concerned about the welfare of the Indians. Yet, after two readings of the book, it is the Indians, the conditions on the reserves, and Ella Beebe McColl who remain in the mind. There are flashes of McColl the man, but in the end he is like an unfinished jigsaw puzzle — parts are missing.

Although McColl's character is not fully drawn, his letters and reports are detailed and revealing. Politically, he seems to have been a Liberal. Canada's recent Free Trade Agreement with the United States, passed by a Conservative government, would have been in accord with his thinking. After the defeat of the federal Liberals in 1878 he wrote to Ella Beebe in September of that year:

> I deeply regret the baseless ingratitude of the people of Canada towards one of the most able, honorable and patriotic governments that ever swayed the sceptre of power in this or any other country. More especially do I deplore the hostile verdict of the electors towards the righteous Free Trade Policy of the Mackenzie administration, for I consider that Protection is nothing more or less than legal robbery of the *masses* to enrich the *few*."

If McColl had a strong political bias, he seems to have harboured few racial or religious ones. When an Indian councillor was removed from office by the band chief in the Norway House area for refusing to become a Methodist, McColl had him promptly reinstated. In 1881 the Chief of the Fort Frances Band broke off a meeting with McColl to attend the Ceremonial Dog Feast. A long description of the feast was written up in the annual report for Ottawa. McColl's complaint was not about the ceremony itself but that the Indians should have been attending to their gardens.

With McColl's tolerance of Indian ways, it is therefore a surprise to read that he disapproved of the practice of adopting children and changing Indians from one band to another. The main reason appears to have been bureaucratic, as it meant additional problems with record keeping. In fairness to McColl, his 1883 report contained "150 pages of foolscap. Mr. Levêque took a cramp in his hand making a duplicate of it and had to employ a physician to prescribe for him." Of the 3,000 Indians in his superintendency, 66 had two wives and 11 had three. McColl was not in favour of perpetuating this polygamous situation. No reason for this practice is given in the book. If it were to protect women, as it frequently was in the Inuit culture, rather than a status symbol, he might have been sympathetic. McColl was 14 years old when his father died and he had to take over the support of his mother and the family.

McColl, having taught school, was particularly interested in the schooling of Indian children. In 1882, in his estimation, the Reverend Henry Cochrane at St. Peter's was the most efficient teacher and had the best school in the superintendency, while Fisher Bay had the second best. The schooling of Indian children was not a standardized affair, as they did not attend during the winter trapping season. There were other problems, including one chief who did not approve of "lady" school teachers.

A number of the Indians' complaints of the 1880s have a remarkably modern tinge to them: Lumber dealers taking lumber from the Whitefish, Turtle Portage and Rat Portage Reserves without permission, Indian women being denied their annuities for marrying men from the United States, and variations on the methods of dispensing justice at Rat Portage, Selkirk, and Portage la Prairie.

There were many facets to being an Inspector of Indian Reserves. The large area under McColl's inspection, and the lack of rapid

communication made it difficult to always quickly right wrongs. But wherever possible, he tried to find a solution on the spot.

Ella Beebe's letters written before and after her marriage to McColl help solidify an understanding of the conditions under which Victorian women lived. She was an ebullient, practical woman and an accomplished pianist and seamstress, brought up by her grandparents in Middletown, New York. A "Modern Woman" of the 1990s may look askance at the four-year correspondence between Ella Beebe and Ebenezer McColl, who seemed immune to her hints of marriage. It was only after an intervention by her family that McColl, at 44, got around to proposing to the 24-year-old Beebe. They were married in September 1879.

Winnipeg was a vibrant city in 1880. A revivalist, Mr. Hammond, was drawing large crowds; Sir Charles Tupper arrived amid torchlight processions and demonstrations; and Professor O.S. Fowler, a phrenologist came to town to read heads. But Ella saw none of this. She had left Winnipeg in May, pregnant, to stay with family in Ontario, as her husband did not want her left alone during his long absence. The McColls had five children in six years, including twins, and three more were to follow. Money was always in short supply and the fact that Ebenezer McColl had to pay his travelling expenses and then collect them from Ottawa caused an additional burden.

This was eased slightly when the Hudson's Bay Company gave him a pass on their river and lake boats. In addition to looking after the family during her husband's absences, Ella had to cope with the "country produce" he sent home from the northern settlements. Parcels of feathers would arrive to be made up into pillows and ticks, along with a keg of strawberries which had to be preserved before they spoiled. There were also frequent moves from one rented house to another — always a disrupting experience. Ella continued to run the household and help her husband with his reports and

Ebenezer McColl.

letters until his death in 1902. She followed him seven years later.

It is to be regretted that the sources of information in this book are not always readily discernible. The description of the prairie sunset, on page 51, for instance, is the author's, whereas on first reading this reviewer thought it was a paraphrase from McColl's letters. For students wishing to pursue additional studies on McColl's superintendency (his title was changed from Inspector to Superintendent in 1890), a list of the reels and file numbers consulted at the National Archives for 1877-1887 is listed in the appendix. Photographs of some of the settlements inspected by McColl would have added to an understanding of the period. These points aside, Frances McColl is to be commended for the time and effort she has expended on this book.

Shirlee Anne Smith is Keeper, Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Provincial Archives of Manitoba.

A McCOLL SAMPLER

Ebenezer McColl was appointed Inspector of Indian Affairs in the Province of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories in 1877 at the age of 42. He travelled mainly by canoe to visit all the Indian reservations in his jurisdiction from Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan River and Norway House on Lake Winnipeg to Fort William on Lake Superior. This letter was written to his future wife, Miss Ella M. Beebe of Middletown, New York, after a return from one of his tours of inspection in 1878. Miss Beebe, who lived with her paternal grandparents, was 24 years old in 1878.

Winnipeg, Manitoba
Sept. 28th, 1878

Miss Ella M. Beebe,
My Very Dear Friend,

Upon my return to the Province after an absence of three months visiting the different Indian Bands under my supervision in the "Wild North Land", I was astonished at the unexpected intelligence grating upon my ears like harsh thunder from the hoarse throats of exultant Tories, that the Dominion Government had been disastrously defeated at the polls.

Had I slept as long as "Rip Van Winkle" did upon one occasion, I certainly would not have looked for a greater revolution in the affairs of state, than what occurred in my absence.

This tidal wave of public opinion rolling with overwhelming enthusiasm all over the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific has engulfed the administration beneath its surging billows.

It was one of those political avalanches descending with irresistible violence upon the Government and crushing it into oblivion. I deeply regret the baseless ingratitude of the people of Canada toward one of the most able, honorable, and patriotic governments that ever swayed the sceptre of power in this or any other country.

More especially do I deplore the hostile verdict of the electors towards the righteous Free Trade policy of the Mackenzie Admin-

Ella M. Beebe.

istration, for I consider that Protection is nothing more nor less than legal robbery of the *masses* to enrich the *few. "Sic transit gloria mundi."*

Politics here are on the rampage, so you will make the necessary allowance for the prominence I have given them in this letter.

Upon my arrival in town 30 letters were awaiting me in the office and it took me all the evening and following night to read them all. When I got through it was broad daylight. The sunbeams were falling in golden showers over the enchanting landscape when I closed my eyes in "tired-nature's sweet restoring balmy sleep".

I read your letter of the 23rd of July with much interest. I wrote you from Cumberland, I think and forwarded your letter by chance to be mailed at Winnipeg, but it is doubtful whether you received it or not for the party I handed it to had to travel over 500 miles to the nearest post office, and perhaps he never came to Winnipeg at all.

I am glad your rosebush and heliotrope are thriving so well. They will keep you in remembrance of the donor. How could they do otherwise, than blossom their sweetest, fragrant flowers in your presence? They only reflect the loveliness of their surroundings. The lily I sent you is a *fraud.* It is not the kind I intended to have sent. It has a cream colored flower on it, and grows in the richest alluvial soil.

Never make three attempts in writing me again. Send the first attempt for I will be satisfied with that.

I visited about 30 bands of Indians, and travelled upwards of 2,000 miles in a birch canoe and 500 by land conveyance. I have been up or rather down on the Nelson River 500 miles north of here in latitude 55°. It was on the 1st of Sept. when I was there and the leaves were in the sear of Indian Summer. I could not get along a day without my overcoat.

The scenery on Play-Green and Pipe Stone lakes is the finest I saw anywhere. Thousands of beautiful islands of naked variegated growth or covered with fir and other evergreens studded like precious gems these broad expanses of Nelson River.

Wild geese, ducks, plover, bears, muskrats, fishers, martins, otters, beavers, minks, moose, elk deer, black or silver foxes, wolves, red and cross foxes, ermine, wolverines, linxes, and other wild animals are to be found in this "Wild North Land" in greater numbers than perhaps in any other position of the globe and the Hudson's Bay Co. has hundreds of trading posts all over the North West Territories, and purchase the pelts of these fur-bearing animals for a trifle giving them goods in exchange at extraordinary prices. Formerly all they paid for a black fox pelt was three cotton handkerchiefs, but subsequently the price ran up as high as $100.

The quotation this year is $24.00 for a black fox pelt, $3.00 for an otter, $1.50 for a beaver, $4.00 for a fisher, 87½¢ for a mink, 7 cts. for a muskrat, 4 cts. for ermine, etc.

These furs are all shipped to England and sold at public auction in London, so that even Canadian and American dealers have to go there to purchase. The English Aristocracy secure the best. Of course if a person here is wanting a supply for his own use from the Company he can have it, if he is a particular friend of a Chief Trader or Factor.

The Indians are generally well disposed towards me. I have met some who have committed the most atrocious murders, many years ago, but they treated me most kindly.

The Government gives each Indian of a family of five from 160 - 640 acres according to what Treaty he belongs to, 2 hoes, 1 axe, 1 scythe, 1 spade. It gives to each chief $25.00 annuity and a silver medal worth $37.50, a flag and a buggy. It gives to each Councillor (generally there are four to each Band) $15.00 annuity, and to each chief and councillor or brave a scarlet military suit every three years. It gives to each band 7 head of cattle, one tool-chest, one grindstone, one school, from $500 to $1,500 dollars worth of twine and ammunition according to the size of the band or tribe. It gives a plow to every ten families cultivating the soil, one harrow to every 4 families as above mentioned. It gives them annually at payment of treaty money large quantities of pork, flour, tea and tobacco. It also gives them some medicine when they are sick, and food when their supply from fishing and hunting fails. It also gives them some school books and stationery for their schools. There are about 100,000 Indians who are treated thus generously by the Dominion Government, and I must do the Indians the justice by saying that their loyalty to the Queen or their "Great White Mother" as they are pleased to call her, is most devoted. They have a great antipathy to your government and peoples whom they call Gitche Makamous (Big Knives).

I must stop this Indian description for I would tire you with a history of their habits, but I must tell you one thing more about them before I am done. Among the Indians when one of their number dies they bury him in a sitting position in the ground with but little covering over his head. They place in his grave his gun, blanket and all of his effects in fact, for future use in the "Happy hunting ground". They also put some choice berries etc. for food on the journey. They cover this grave most tastefully with birch bark in a roof shape, leaving a small aperture at or near the head at the end of the grave for the spirit to get out. They kindle a fire at each end of the grave for him to see his way to his delightful hunting paradise. They have also a secret society or order among them where the sacred enchantments of their medicine men are performed. They claim the power of performing wonderful cures by their enchantments. The people greatly fear their medicine men, for they believe that they are in league with the bad spirit, and that they can harm or kill them at a distance. These medicine men are a kind of an order of priesthood among them and at the celebration of their annual medicine feasts, or "sacred day feasts" these officiate on such occasions, claim the same to be a solemn worship instituted by the Great Spirit, the record of which was handed down by tradition from their fathers. One Chief (Little Long Ears) earnestly implored me not to have the school teacher "learn" his children to pray, for he said he "don't wish to forsake the worship of my fathers".

In another place the greater portion of the band became Methodists, but with all their persuasiveness they failed to convert one of the councillors or braves and the Christian part of the Band met in Council and took off his coat, and removed him from office, and appointed a devout proselyte in his place. The Chief in reply to my enquiries why they had done this great wrong, said that he was told that the Queen wanted them all to be of the same religion with herself etc. etc.

I passed my time in the canoe during favorable weather in reading Byron, Burns, Moore, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow, "The Great Lone Land" by Capt. Butler; The "Wild North Land" by the same, The "Saskatchewan and Rocky Mountains" by Earl Southesk; "Ocean to Ocean" by [Revd.] Grant; "The Red River and Saskatchewan" by Mr. Spence; "The Flowers and Plants of the North West" by Prof. Macoun; Dawson Fleming and Smith's Report of the Canada Pacific Railway Line besides the Indian Treaties, reports etc. All these works, except Shakespear and Tennyson, I have not only read but studied and treasured the choicest and most useful portions on the spacious shelves of memory.

I also had a copy of English testament, Ojibway testament, Cree Grammar and dictionary and an elementary work on Ojibway, and looked at them with a view to study their contents. I never was more studious in my life. It was a necessity for me to have my mind occupied otherwise my tour would have been intolerable.

With kindest and most affectionate regards to your Grandpa, Grandma, and all your friends,

I remain
Your unwavering friend,
E. McColl

P.S. I am to start tomorrow for Lake of the Woods & Superior to visit 30 more bands, won't be back for at least 2 months. Write soon and often and perhaps I may get them.

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When George Met Honorine

By Hubert G. Mayes

A LOVE STORY
FROM 19TH CENTURY QUEBEC
The Diary of George Stephen Jones
Edited and introduced by W. Peter Ward. Broadview Press, Peterborough, 1989. 111 pp. $19.95.

I have never kept a diary. While occasionally wishing I had one for reference purposes, I am free of the worry that after my demise my private reflections might be published and studied as a social document. This unhappy fate recently befell a certain George Stephen Jones. In 1845-46 he recorded in a diary his courtship of Honorine Tanswell, whose family, like his, resided in Quebec City. The diary has been published with an introduction and editorial notes by W. Peter Ward, a professor of social history at the University of British Columbia. The editor sees the diary as a mirror of certain aspects of life in the middle-class environment of nineteenth-century Quebec. In his excellent introduction he shows both the professional historian and casual reader how unintentionally informative a young man's record of his own love affair can be. As Professor Ward points out, the diary reveals patterns of courtship and marriage, the ways in which middle-class families spent their leisure time, gender roles among the urban young, and examples of how people of British descent who had married French-speaking Quebeckers moved easily in both societies. This last aspect of the social scene, says the editor, "does not fit neatly with the long-standing belief held by Canada's historians that deep cultural cleavages divided French from English Canadians in Lower Canada during the mid-nineteenth century." In fact, he adds, "at the most basic levels of social life in the community, the French-speaking majority and the English-speaking minority had worked out some highly effective forms of accommodation."

The diary spans the five and one half months of George's love affair with Honorine: their meeting, his courtship, their growing love for each other, their desire for marriage, and their eventual separation because of the opposition of Honorine's parents. Mr. Ward assures us in his introduction that George's journal is a "sensitive, touching record of his emotional life". There is some truth in this judgment, but it is misleading: to put it quite simply, George's diary, for anyone but a serious historian, is an unmitigated bore. Day after day we are told the hours of his rising and retiring, the state of the weather, the tedious details of his calls on the Tanswell family and the latter's calls on his own, accounts of how he "passed" long hours sitting beside Honorine or walking with her, the endless kissing of his beloved's hand, and over and over, in much the same words, his feelings of adoration, frustration, and loneliness. He has no style, no wit, no intellectual depth. The reader is forced in self-defence to hurry through the tiresome trivia in the hope that things will improve. They do not. But we must try to be fair: George is not writing to entertain or instruct. He is an eighteen-year-old boy of limited education and experience living in a small provincial city, and he is setting down his feelings in a diary for no other purpose than to relieve the excessive joy as well as the fears and despair of a young man in love. No doubt he would have been appalled if he had known that his ramblings would one day be published in a book for public inspection.

Who, we may ask, is this public supposed to be? I am willing to accept that the diary is, as the jacket claims, "a rich source of insight into the social lives of youthful Canadians during the early Victorian age." The book could therefore be worthwhile for all those — professionals and non-professionals — who enjoy studying documents that throw light on the manners of earlier times. But the "general" reader, lured perhaps by the title and the attractive jacket, should beware: George's diary is very insipid fare compared with the more varied and enticing diet of most twentieth-century readers.

The book is well presented, as far as typography and layout are concerned. Unfortunately there are no illustrations, apart from the picture of a church with the Tanswell house across from it which appears on the jacket. The documentary value of the work as well as its esthetic appeal would have been enhanced by some well-chosen pictures. There are a few typographical errors, but they are small and not worth itemizing. The reader is made very apprehensive, however, by the editor's introductory note. The third sen-

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The Canadian Fur Trade in the Industrial Age

Arthur J. Ray

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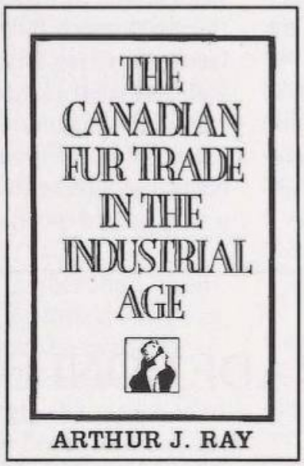

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tence obviously has a word left out, and in the fourth, we find "principle" instead of "principal".

Another troublesome moment occurs when the word *"bouquet"* is introduced on page 74. Because it appears in *italics*, we assume that it must have a special meaning. This assumption is borne out by the manner in which it is used on pages 78 and 79. One can deduce from the contexts that the word refers to a social occasion at which a meal is offered and a bouquet presented, but about this, no word of explanation from the editor, who elsewhere takes unnecessary pains to point out that a retreat is "a period of seclusion devoted to religious exercises," and that "we gained" after a game of whist means "we won". If he had consulted a Littré dictionary, Mr. Ward would have found that "in former times (I am translating) *'donner le bouquet'* meant 'to invite someone to dinner,' and *'rendre le bouquet'* 'to return the courtesy,' because a bouquet was sent in these circumstances."

I have reserved my harshest criticism, however, for what is admittedly a minor element of the work — the passages in French and their translations. All too often anglophone authors like Mr. Ward rely on their own imperfect knowledge of French, or on that of someone who "took French" in high school or university, or that of a brother-in-law who spoke French as a child. This is an error which still results in shocking mistakes in French in the public buildings of Canada and in advertising of every kind. These mistakes are insulting and infuriating not only to French Canadians but also to non-francophones who happen to have a thorough knowledge of the language. Mr. Ward explains in his Editor's Note that in George's English he has made as few changes as possible. He then adds: "When it came to transcribing Honorine's French, however, George betrays his Anglophone background. In this case I have corrected his numerous errors."

With this self-assured statement lingering in my mind, I was startled to find in the first transcription of Honorine's French (p. 70) not only an elementary mistake in grammar (*"je suis né"* rather than *"je suis née"*), but also a strange assemblage of words. Honorine's little love poem contains the couplet: *"Je suis né(e) sous un ciel orageux/Pour! pour! être malheureuse."* These lines are translated in the endnotes as: "I was born under a stormy sky/ In order to be unhappy." Those *"Pour! pour!"*, as well as the idea introduced by "in order to," should have aroused Mr. Ward's suspicion. One does not normally repeat the preposition *"pour,"* and the exclamation marks after the words are ludicrous. I suspect that the persons who prepared the typescript from the diary were having trouble with George's carelessly formed letters, and that what Honorine really wrote was *"Pauvre! pauvre! être malheureux."* (Poor! poor! unfortunate being.) Honorine may not have been a very gifted poet, but it is highly

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unlikely that she would have tried to pass off *"orageux-malheureuse"* as an acceptable rhyme. The poem ends with a question without a question mark. This is corrected in the English but not in the French.

Two pages later we come to another of Honorine's little poems. The question mark problem occurs again, and the words *"connaissez"* and *"connaître"* are misspelled. These are minor mistakes, but serious trouble lies ahead. In line four we read: *"Ma vie et [mon] bien elle à toi depuis longtemps."* Honorine, who appears to be reasonably well educated, could not possibly have written that line, containing as it does a plural, two-gender subject summed up by a feminine singular pronoun and followed by a singular form of the verb. The transcribers and/or Mr. Ward, struggling to make sense of the line, inserted the word *"mon"* and translated incorrectly: "My life and well-being have long been yours." They do not seem to realize that *"bien"* used as a noun in such a context would normally mean "property" rather than "well-being," and that by introducing the *"mon"* which made the word *"bien"* a noun, they got themselves into a grammatical tangle. I suspect that the line may have been *"Ma vie, eh bien, elle est à toi depuis longtemps"* — which is poetically uninspired but at least grammatically correct. Did George botch his copying or did the transcribers and Mr. Ward take the wrong tack? Probably both. In any case the French has not been "corrected". Honorine ends her poem by saying that her life is his, *"Oui depuis que j'ai eu le bonheur de te connaître, cher George."* The translation "Yes since I have the happiness of knowing you dear George" ignores the past tense in the French, and appears to give *"depuis"* the other meaning of since, namely "because." The correct translation would have been: "Yes, ever since I had the pleasure (or good fortune) of meeting you."

The diary contains only one other passage in French. On page 44 George quotes a short sentence from one of his letters to Honorine. In it he makes four basic mistakes: *"cher"* instead of *"chère,"* *"par-tout"* instead of *"par tout,"* (completely different meaning), *"il a"* instead of *"il y a,"* and *"epousée"* instead of *"épouser."* Mr. Ward says nothing in his introductory note about correcting the French that George himself writes, so we cannot hold him to account for leaving it as we find it. However, in a scholarly work one expects either a note explaining that certain mistakes will be left untouched or a careful use of *sic*.

Because these examples of incorrect French and inadequate translations happened to touch a sensitive nerve, I have devoted a considerable amount of space to them. They are, however, as I have indicated, a minor feature of the work. To conclude, I must return to the broader perspective of my first assessment. George Stephen Jones's diary is too restricted in subject matter and too poorly written to justify a recommendation to the general reader. However, serious students of social history, particularly those with a special interest in the area of courtship and marriage in nineteenth-century Quebec, will find the diary worthy of attention and will appreciate the thorough analysis of the document which the editor provides in his introduction.

Hubert G. Mayes, a frequent contributor to "The Beaver" recently retired from the University of Winnipeg where he was Professor of French.

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Drinks for the Thirsty

By Trevor Lautens

BOOZE, BOATS AND BILLIONS
By C.W. Hunt. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1988. 351 pp. $26.95.

Prohibition: the word has a quaint ring to it, partly because strong drink is still with us, partly because "booze" seems almost innocent in a time of crack and cocaine. But this is illusory. Drink, the tolerated drug (another unsettling notion) of the Western world, causes enormous social injury, wrenching personal grief. Cheap gin in nineteenth-century England destroyed people, ruined families; saloon America was not pretty.

The temperance movement, the pledge, the determined bar-smashing of the so-called bluestockings of the anti-saloon leagues, the alliance of the women who suffered from drink's ravages of family life with the clergy largely of the nonconformist churches — these were not risible. Nor did Prohibition — in the United States and Canada — entirely fail. The liquor business came back on, one might say, a more sober and conditional basis, with much more stringent government regulation and often monopoly control of sales. The results included the horrible Canadian beer parlour and the grim Soviet-style lineups for a bottle of whisky. But these fatuities were not entirely undeserved. They were penance. Canadians had often drunk stupidly. Perhaps the post-war influx of Europeans helped rescue us from our liquor immaturity.

Nothing, however, can stop a man (or, of course, a woman) in earnest pursuit of a drink. Prohibition invited deep corruption, and the invitation was gladly accepted from top to bottom of the social order, the enforcing agencies, and not least of all the political establishment, the governments and especially the federal government. For in Canada there was a typically Canadian element of hypocrisy: constitutionally, the provinces could (and did, excepting Quebec) outlaw the consumption of alcohol, but its manufacture was a federal matter. And Ottawa prohibited neither its production nor its export. This left the legal doors yawning wide for the grotesqueries of Canadian distillers and brewers to solemnly produce drink which was bought by middlemen and with a straight face consigned to fictitious purchasers abroad — Cuba was a favored destination — which in fact was delivered to a parched United States.

C.W. Hunt's book is almost exclusively concerned with this traffic on Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the political machinations and bribing of customs officers and police that allowed it. Prohibition had its characters, its thugs and its rustics and fishermen with families to support who did the bulk of the dirty and dangerous work for quick money on a casual or temporary basis. "Dirty" it was only ambiguously: the rum-runners enjoyed much popular support and were often openly cheered by the thirsty on the American shore. Dangerous it was always. Wicked storms could rise quickly on the lakes. The hardy and the foolhardy tested the practical seasonal limits, sometimes pressing their trade fatally into the icy winters. In the fat, early years, being caught was usually the least of their worries: American border patrol officers earning $1,650 a year for a 54-hour-a-week job were offered bribes that, as Hunt writes, "only a saint could refuse". One such saint turned down a bribe that escalated from $300 to $3,000. Boats loaded with thousands of dollars worth of drink, typically netting $500 to $1,000 for the captain, pulled directly into U.S. customs sheds where the inspector

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was given a $20 bill and the dry advice: "Why don't you get yourself a haircut?"

The liquor tide began to turn in 1924. The U.S. Congress voted an extra $13 million above the Coast Guard's $10 million budget, most of it for new boats including 75-foot cutters each with a cannon on the foredeck. Also that year, the Mackenzie King government — both the Liberal and Conservative parties had come to expect large donations from the distilleries — yielded to American pressure to co-operate in shutting down the rum-runners. Canadian customs would refuse clearance to small open boats carrying Canadian liquor with the palpably absurd destination of Mexico or Cuba (some of which merely stole back to Canadian shores), and they were required to inform American authorities when such boats left for a now openly-declared American port. The "black boats" became swifter and more powerful and their captains foxier to meet these challenges, but the trade thereafter was much more dangerous, especially when the Coast Guard began to use its cannon and machine guns in earnest. And thirsts began to be slaked legally when the Howard Ferguson government scrapped the Ontario Temperance Act in 1927, to the enormous benefit of the tourist trade from the U.S.

In 1930 Mackenzie King was finally prevailed upon to stop altogether the clearance of boats carrying liquor to American ports — which shifted Canadian liquor exports dramatically for a time to the French islands of St. Pierre Miquelon. In 1933 the new American president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, quickly moved to have Prohibition repealed. The great experiment — some have said the greatest social experiment in America since the U.S. Civil War — was over.

The tale is told somewhat unevenly and episodically in this book, much less adroitly than James H. Gray spun the parallel story of prohibition on the Prairies in *Booze*, but Hunt has striven to interview those who have survived the wild days on the Great Lakes and to round out the lives of those who have not. "Gentleman Charlie" Mills, a one-time stunt pilot, quit the business in 1928 and ended up working his father's farm near Niagara Falls, N.Y. Nick Vandeveer, Port Colborne's finest contribution to the trade, spent his money and ended up running a sawmill near Huntsville. Veterinarian "Doc" Hedley Welbanks of Belleville resumed his life as a horse doctor and died comfortably. Rum-running's noble representatives from my hometown of Hamilton met fates consonant with that hard city: the plumber Ben Kerr took one audacious trip too many on his favorite boat, the *Pollywog*, and his body, the head crushed, was found in Lake Ontario; Rocco Perri, the bootleg king, whose wife was killed in a gangland-style ambush and who survived many murder attempts, disappeared years later, in 1944, presumably the victim of someone with a long memory, and is widely believed to be wearing a cement overcoat at the bottom of Hamilton Bay.

Predictably, life went much more pleasantly in the boardrooms of the complicit distilleries and breweries. Harry Clifford Hatch masterfully exploited Prohibition's opportunities to forge, out of an aristocratically sleepy distillery, one of the largest and most dynamic in the world, Hiram Walker and Sons Ltd., and to become a wealthy and respectable business baron whose thoroughbred stable produced five winners of the King's Plate. Readers of Gray's book or of Peter C. Newman's on the Bronfmans, will find no fresh revelations about the genesis of the Seagram empire; it is enough to say here that Harry Bronfman's first distillery, using $3,200 worth of equipment that mixed aged whisky, water, and overproof alcohol, generated gross profits ranging between $316,000 and $395,000 a month. These figures are available only because of Harry Bronfman's court case against the vat-makers after his first batch of whisky came out dirty blue. Such a *nice* country, Canada, yet without a history of probity to match.

Trevor Lautens is an editor with the Vancouver Sun.

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

From time to time *The Beaver* exchanges its mailing list with other publications and organizations offering information, goods or services considered of special interest to readers of this magazine.

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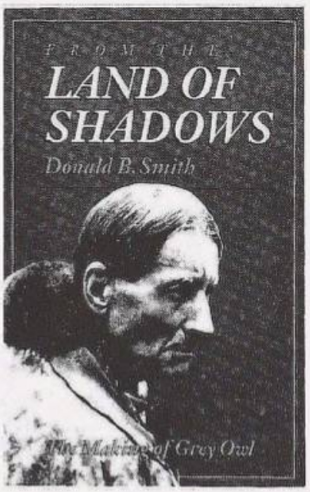
FROM THE LAND OF SHADOWS
THE MAKING OF GREY OWL



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Letters, Notes and Opinion

The Bear That Walks Like A Dog

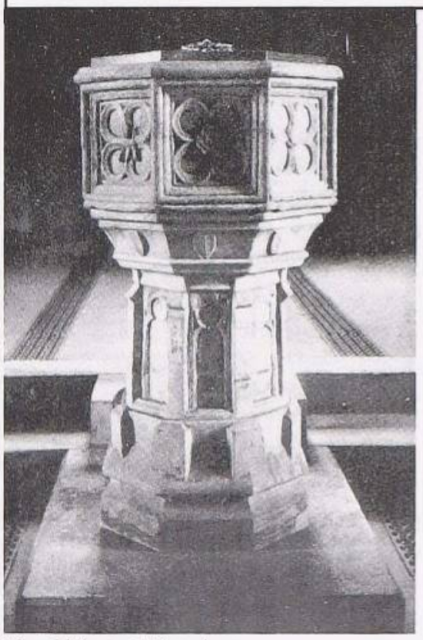
DOG
The print of a dog shows four padded "toes" and four claws.

BEAR
The large foot of a black bear shows five toes with claws. The bear walks on the entire foot, like a man, and bear tracks often resemble those of a giant man because the claws seldom show.

A number of astute readers, including William T. Schlick of Mt. Hood, Oregon, have written to point out that the "bear track" pictured in the article on British poet Rupert Brooke's 1913 visit to George Lake, Manitoba [*The Beaver,* February/March 1990] is unlike any bear track they have ever seen.

The track identified as that of a bear seems much more likely to be that of a dog or wolf. Bear tracks resemble those of man. The bear walks on the entire foot as man does and leaves a five-toed print not unlike that of a human foot. The picture identified as a "bear track" shows four claws and a heel pad, which seems to indicate that somebody may have been taking a dog for a walk on the beach shortly before the "bear print" photograph was taken.

The Childhood of Great Wolfe



The old font at Westerham.

The letter from Fergus Cronin [*The Beaver*, February/March 1990] was very interesting, but I feel a few things have to be clarified.

General Wolfe was born at Westerham vicarage, Kent, spending his boyhood at Spiers House, now Quebec House, which is owned by the National Trust. He also attended the local grammar school there.

He was baptised in St. Mary the Virgin Church at Westerham on 11 January 1727. In the church is a Wolfe memorial window on the north wall. There is also an enscribed tablet to be viewed.

The general's statue is very proudly displayed on the Westerham green and you may also visit the General Wolfe public house.

I am proud to say that I was baptised in the same font as the general in St. Mary's Church.

Mrs. M. Kollaard,
Kirkfield, Ontario.

The editor of "The Beaver" welcomes contributions to The Packet. Comments on articles, observations on historic events and fresh information from unpublished sources are particularly encouraged. Letters may be edited for length.

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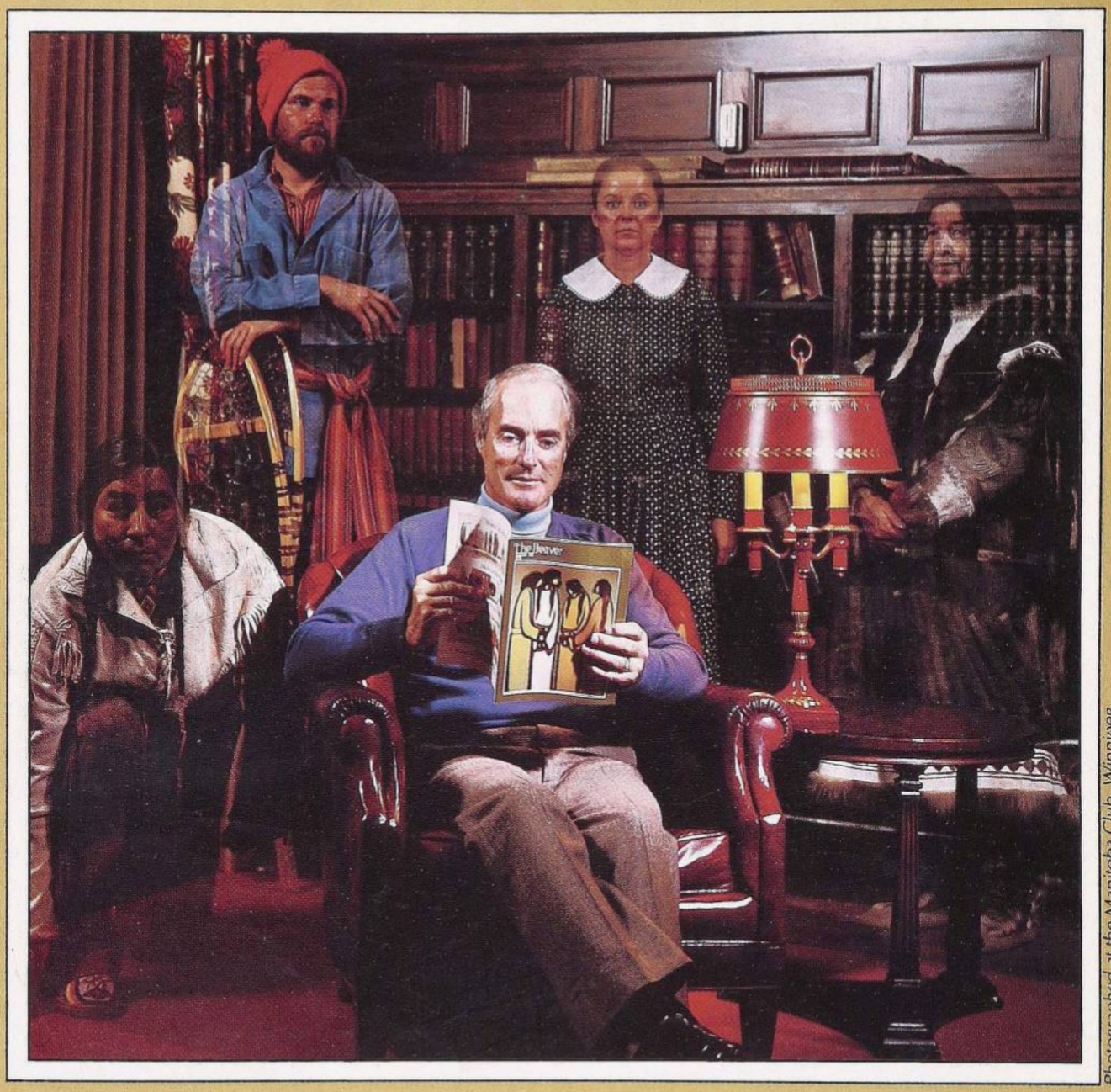

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